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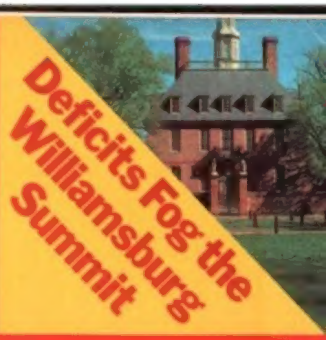

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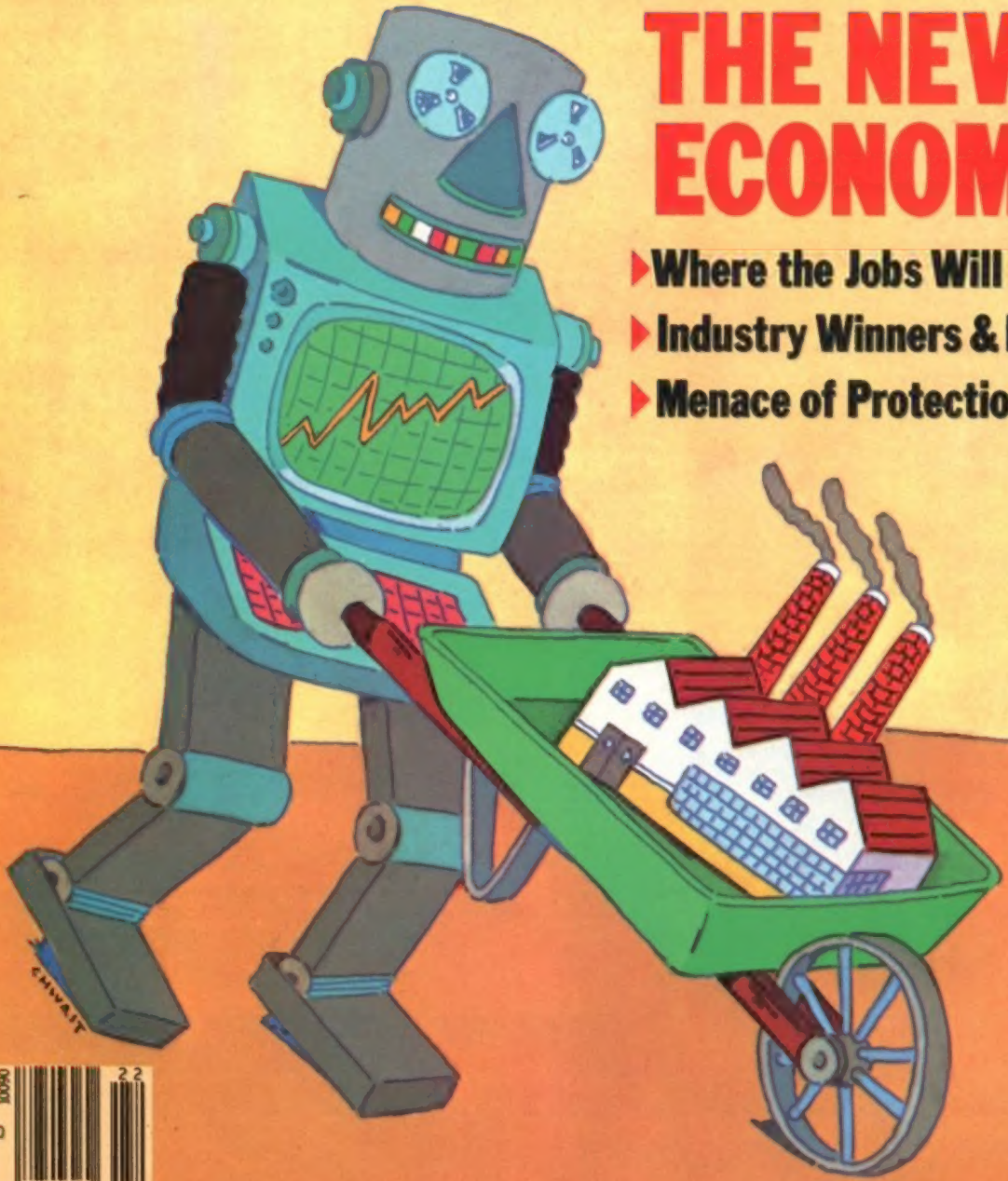

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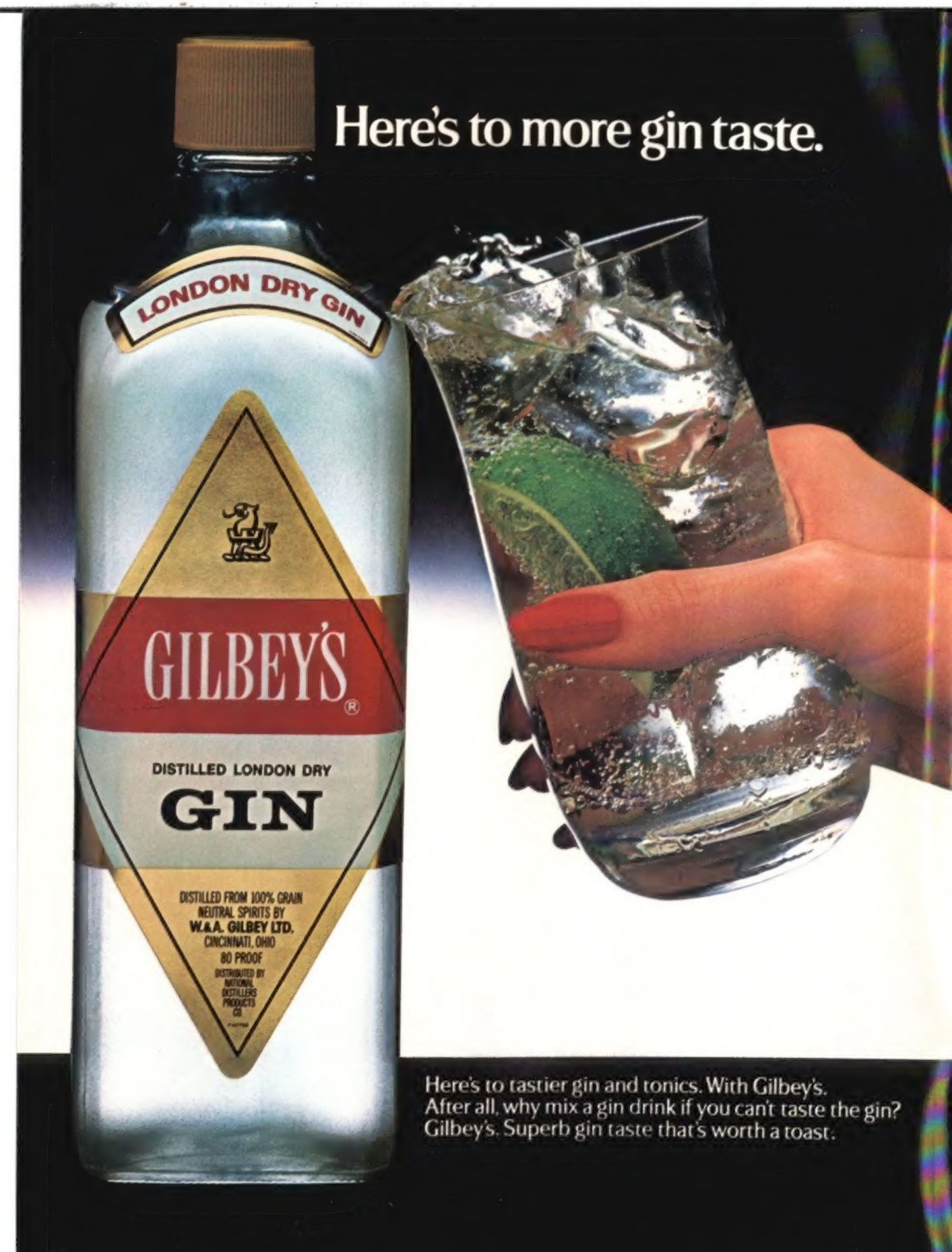
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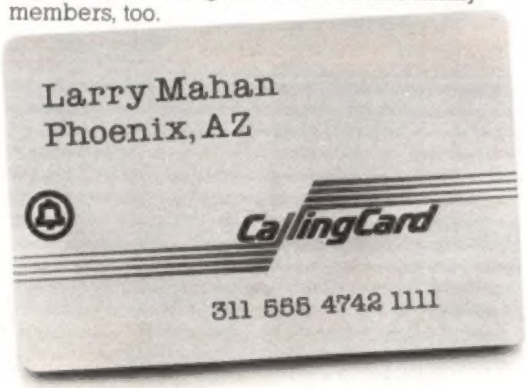

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MAY 30, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 22 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Unemployment—"structural" or otherwise . . . Industrial policy . . . Buy American . . . Retraining . . . The slogans and concepts are everywhere, and they add up to a new American economy in the making. The idea for this week's cover story began to take shape for Business Editor George M. Taber at a conference of Time Inc. journalists in Santa Barbara, Calif., more than a year ago (yes, sometimes these things take a while). One of the major subjects of discussion was flourishing high-technology industries like those in California's Silicon Valley. Says Taber: "It began to strike me that here we were with this new, vigorous economy of the silicon chip and the old, declining economy of smokestacks and steel mills. The division was partly geographical: much of the old was in the East, much of the new in the West." Since that conference, TIME has responded to the phenomenon of the new economy in many ways: by creating a Computers section, by naming the computer Machine of the Year, by chronicling factory closings and unemployment woes. With this week's cover story, says Taber, "we are putting the two economies side by side."

DAVID DRAPKIN

Alexander and New Economy product

Drawing the portrait of this complex, two-tier economy was the job of Staff Writer Charles P. Alexander, who had the assistance of Reporter-Researchers Bernard Baumohl and Stephen Koepp, as well as TIME correspondents across the country, in Europe and in Japan. Alexander also drew on extensive work on global protectionism by Staff Writer Jay Palmer.

This is Alexander's third cover story for the Economy & Business section since he became a staff writer three years ago. He had previously been a reporter-researcher in the Business section for two years. As a 1972 Harvard economics major, he had as his adviser a faculty member then little known outside the academic community: Martin Feldstein. Since then, as chairman of President Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers, Feldstein has gone on to counsel a better-known pupil.

It is often difficult for an economic journalist to avoid getting bogged down in the short-term trends of the business world. But Alexander has a reason to keep his eyes trained on the far horizon: his son Brian. "I often sit and wonder what his life will be like," Alexander says. "He will have more career opportunities than my generation did, but the economic risks will also be greater. I worry about whether he will gain the skills needed to get ahead in the complex, competitive global economy in which he will grow up." Plainly, Alexander is a long-range thinker, or worrier. Brian is 19 months old.

John A. Meyers

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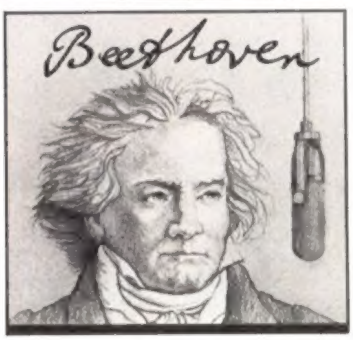

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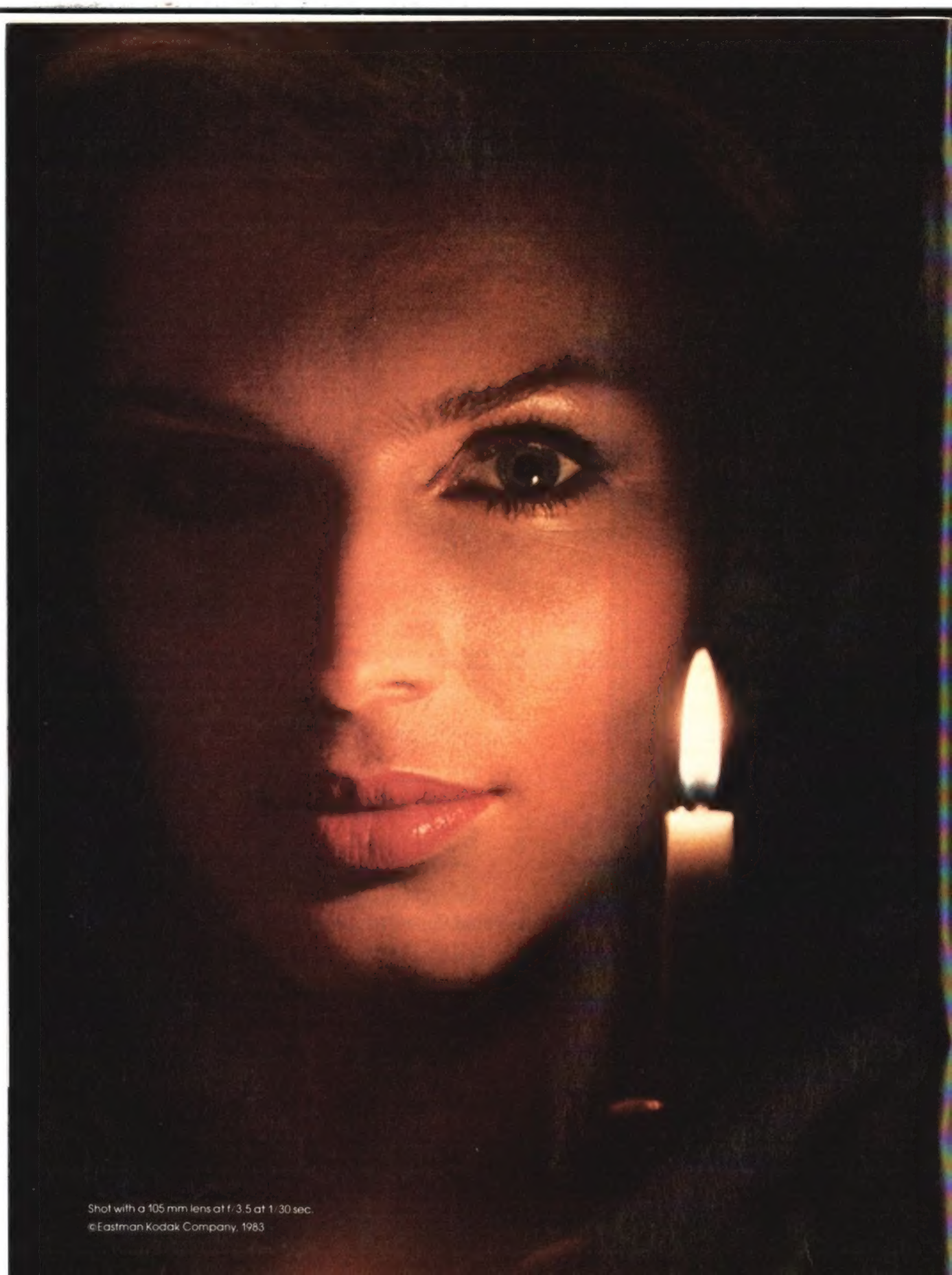

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Letters

Vital Interests

To the Editors:

Harsh facts and hard choices for Central America [May 9]. More dollars, military advisers, covert activities. It is all so familiar. Is this what President Reagan calls our moral duty? Our only obligation to that region is to send food and other essentials for economic growth.

Luella Pepin
Swanville, Minn.

President Reagan delivered a stirring address on the menace in Central America. Unfortunately, the message did not penetrate congressional partisanship. In his rebuttal, Senator Christopher Dodd alluded to Reagan's not "going with the tide of history." The Senator prefers to forget Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, the East bloc countries and the surrogate Communist nations in our own hemisphere.

Nicholas J. Romano
Colonel U.S.A.R. (ret.)
Sagaponack, N.Y.

Senator Dodd was on target when he said that "if Central America were not racked with poverty, hunger and injustice, there would be no revolution." The long-term solution to the problems of those nations is agrarian reform, redistribution of wealth, and economic assistance. If Central America were economically stable, the Soviets would have nothing to exploit.

Victor L. Negron
Rio Piedras, P.R.

U.S. intervention in support of military regimes and ruling oligarchies is the problem, not the solution.

Sherman Hasbrouck
Orono, Me.

When are the people of this country going to realize that we must stop the Communist threat in Latin America? Are we going to wait until the guerrillas cross the Rio Grande before we do anything?

Sharon Stephens
Sterling Heights, Mich.

Reluctant Allies

The participants in TIME's Atlantic Alliance conference [May 9] talked about everything but the essential point. European and American interests in commerce, defense and high technology have become so deeply divided that nothing can bring them together again. Good relations will come only when the U.S. gets its troops out of Europe. America's future lies in the Pacific basin, as is clear to anyone who travels there.

Charles-James N. Bailey
Berlin

Mediocre Education

Sad to say, the mediocrity found in our educational system [May 9] reflects our culture. Instead, education should set the standards for a society. The reforms recommended by the National Commission on Excellence in Education can help youngsters who have the potential to be educated. However, the proposals cannot compensate for role models that are lacking in the home. Education should follow its traditional function and resist social experimentation.

Murray Howden
Allentown, Pa.

This nation's public schools have been given too much responsibility. We have asked them to teach the three Rs as well as counsel maladjusted teens, train the handicapped, advise unwed mothers, prevent drug abuse—and give instruction in computer programming. Greater efficiency, not longer hours, is the only way our schools can meet our increasing demands.

Bennett A. Rafoth
Athens, Ga.

Your article on mediocrity in education is shocking. Yet have any of the educational decision makers bothered to ask students what we want? A majority of us are starving for an intellectual challenge. Invest the money. You will discover that we will pay it back a hundredfold in the long run.

Michael Fiorella Jr.
Ithaca, N.Y.

As the product of an educational system that did require four years of English, two years of a foreign language and three years of science and mathematics, I can now see that many of the studies were superfluous. They neither prepared me for college nor trained me for adulthood. My children will not be deprived of their adolescence, as I was, by the anxieties of excessive academic demands.

Todd H. Rich
Solon, Ohio

Westmoreland *vs.* CBS

TIME may be right in saying that the Westmoreland case [May 9] "could lead to an undesirable sapping of journalistic enterprise." But you neglect to add that it

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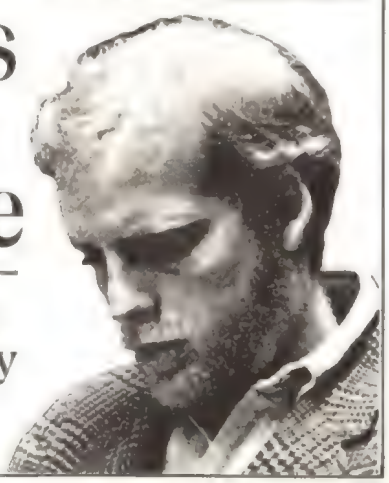

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Letters

could result in limiting the self-corrupting privileges of the press. The extraordinary amount of libel litigation now in the courts, as well as the CBS treatment of Westmoreland, is evidence that some restraint is needed.

Lawrence Cranberg
Austin

Panning the Press

Let my son collect rubbish or sell used cars, but please do not let him be a journalist. The First Amendment is used as an excuse for lack of self-censorship, editorializing, incorrect grammar and false information. The constitutional justification for the press's behavior is a tired cliché that the public will no longer buy.

Paul Vaughn
Van Nuys, Calif.

Metric Measures

America's failure to measure up to metrics [May 9] is typical of this country's Government and its people. Americans are too ignorant and too lazy to learn metrics, and our representatives in Washington are too gutless to force us to change. Our inability to adopt metrics will ultimately make us illiterate, in contrast to the rest of the world.

Jerry Paduano
Santa Clara, Calif.

Using the present measurement system is as inefficient and archaic as using Roman numerals. If more Americans realized how easy it is to convert milliliters to liters as opposed to converting tablespoons to quarts, the metric system would be adopted immediately.

Alvin Jong
Palo Alto, Calif.

In the 1950s we Japanese established metrics as our legal system of measurement. Nevertheless, when I am in the U.S., I still say "six feet tall" instead of "180 centimeters tall." It is simply a more convenient and natural way of expressing myself. My advice to Americans is: Do not abandon your current measurement system even if you adopt metrics. After all, man is not a completely rational being. He needs to exercise a bit of irrationality now and then for a happy life.

Koji Akizawa
Glenview, Ill.

Congress may be able to "metricize" scientists, electricians and even winemakers, but we will never hear, "It's third down and .9144 of a meter to go."

Mark Martinelli
New York City

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TIME MAY 30, 1983

Going Into the Trenches

Reagan and Congress snipe over the budget

Everybody's calendar read "May 1983." But at the White House and on Capitol Hill, the politicians had mentally flipped the pages forward to Election Year 1984. Washington was awash in harsh political rhetoric, ostensibly centered on the substance of the fiscal 1984 budget. In reality, the hectic week of name-calling and intrigue, climaxing in a topsy-turvy nighttime Senate session, was a fierce skirmish in the battle to determine which party can most credibly claim credit, or escape blame, for the state of the U.S. economy. When the smoke cleared, both sides were dug into trenches, steeling for a summer of Government by veto.

The President opened the hostilities on Monday with a rousing attack on "irresponsible spending" by Congress. Appearing before the National Association of Home Builders, Reagan ticked off a series of possible revenue-raising measures that were at various times considered, but never adopted, by the liberal Democrats in Congress. Each one, including a hike of 10% in the capital gains tax on home sales and a limit on mortgage interest deductions, brought shouts of "No, no, no!" from his audience. He agreed with his critics that federal budget deficits "do matter," but turned the issue around, claiming that "deficit spending represents one of the most alarming dangers to our republic and to the prosperity of our people." Reagan contended that raising taxes to reduce the deficit is wrong. "The deficit doctors have their scalpels out, all right, but they are not poised over the budget," he charged. "What they're ready to operate on is your wallet." This drew cheers.

The next night Reagan used a prime-time press conference to assail Congress again. "It is time to draw the line," he declared. "I will not support a budget resolution that raises taxes while we are coming out of a recession. I will veto spending bills that would rekindle the fires of inflation and high interest rates."

Why all this thunder now, especially from a President whose tax cuts and military spending increases obviously had something to do with the deficits that he now decries? Explained a top Reagan aide: "Ronald Reagan will be cast as the guy who wants to keep down taxes. That is important politically." For the White House, the acrimonious struggle in the Senate to pass a budget resolution had become virtually irrelevant. Declared a presidential aide: "We've pretty well made up our minds on a budget strategy, no matter what the Senate does." The plan, he went on, is for Reagan to veto any tax or nonmilitary spending increase that he considers too high, even if it leads to a stalemate with Congress.

Reagan's attempt to shift the blame for the deficits to Congress was deeply resented by Democratic leaders on Capitol Hill. "President Reagan is trying to pass the buck on the worst record of Govern-

Making his case on television: "It is time to draw the line"

Voting the Bankers' Way

It was a testament to the strength of postal politics. Besieged by a 22 million-piece mail campaign orchestrated by the nation's banking industry, the House last week voted by an overwhelming 382 to 41 to repeal the withholding for taxes of 10% of income from stock dividends and bank interest. Said Illinois Democrat Dan Rostenkowski, who as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee had reluctantly brought the repeal measure to a floor vote after a majority of the House demanded it: "Today we are conceding control of the tax system to a special interest that has won the day largely by deceiving American taxpayers."

The withholding provision, which was scheduled to go into effect July 1, was a key revenue producer in a $98.3 billion tax package Congress passed last summer in an attempt to whittle down growing federal deficits. The measure would generate an estimated $13.4 billion in new revenue through 1988, mostly by reining in tax chiselers who do not report dividend or interest income

Bankers, especially those in small- and middle-size institutions, were upset by the

ment red ink in American history," charged House Speaker Tip O'Neill. "It is Reagan's recession, the runaway Reagan military budget and the Reagan tax breaks for the wealthy that are creating the Reagan red ink." House Majority Leader James Wright called Reagan "the biggest alibi artist ever to serve in the White House." Such barbs led Deputy White House Press Secretary Larry Speakes to say cuttingly, "Those guys are taking to flights of partisan fantasy lately. I don't know whether it has to do with age or with the fact we've got an election coming up." (Both O'Neill, 70, and Wright, 60, are younger than Reagan, 72.)

When Reagan on Thursday morning held a White House meeting with congressional leaders to appeal for bipartisanship on such foreign policy issues as funding for the MX missile and Central America, Wright could not resist complaining directly to Reagan: "You can't have it both ways. We in Congress can't be expected to be supporters one day and whipping boys the next." With a smile, Reagan told Wright that he had heard his "alibi artist" dig, and added, "I think I've got a couple more cracks coming myself."

The sharp exchanges did not make it any easier for legislators of either party to fashion an acceptable budget. The contentious Congress has been trying for two months to approve a resolution that would impose spending limits, set revenue targets and estimate the resulting deficit for 1984. The nonbinding resolution does not go to the President for rejection or approval, but it helps congressional leaders impose fiscal discipline.

In the first two years of his Administration, Reagan used the overall spending limits to win cuts in social programs. But this year the White House feels it can do just as well without a budget resolution. This is because not even the Senate, theoretically controlled by Republicans, has been willing to meet Reagan's demands: that there be no significant tax hikes (he feels they could stifle the economic recovery), that defense spending be increased by 10% (he has recently conceded that he could settle for 7.5%),

Senate Majority Leader Baker

Budget Committee Chairman Domenici

and that most other funding be frozen.

The Democrat-dominated House last March passed a resolution that would limit the increase in military spending to 4%, create added revenue of $30 billion (presumably by canceling Reagan's third-year tax cut), spend an added $33 billion on nondefense domestic programs, and produce a 1984 deficit of $174.45 billion. The budget Reagan had submitted in January would have carried a $188.8 billion shortfall, according to Administration estimates. The Reagan projections included a deficit of $194.2 billion in 1985, while the House plan estimated its 1985 deficit at $146.7 billion.

In the Senate, Republican Party leaders did not even introduce the Reagan budget, knowing that the 10% military hike and the large built-in deficit could not be passed. Unable to get Reagan to offer sufficient concessions, Republican Pete Domenici, the frustrated chairman of the Budget Committee, voted to send a budget almost identical to that passed by the House to the Senate floor, where he hoped to amend it so that it would more closely resemble what Reagan wanted. Two weeks ago Republican conservatives held out against any tax increase, and moderates fought against raising military spending even to 7.5%, while the only bipartisan agreement was on a hike of at least $11 billion in non-defense programs. The result was a Senate deadlock. Majority Leader Howard Baker successfully urged that the whole matter be tossed back to Domenici's committee. The budget process was clearly unraveling.

Last week Domenici and the Senate tried again. With White House legislative aides remaining aloof, Domenici and Baker renewed, not very optimistically, a proposal that they thought Reagan might accept. It included a 7.1% rise in Pentagon funding and only negligible tax hikes. Both lawmakers expected the resolution to die in the committee on an 11-to-11 tie vote. But Democratic Presidential Hopefuls Gary Hart and Fritz Hollings, their minds on 1984, were off on political speaking engagements. The Domenici-Baker resolution was approved by an 11-to-9 vote, sending it to the floor, and eliciting a justifiable crack about Hart and Hollings from a White House aide: "I guess campaigning is more important to them than the budget."

All 100 Senators were on hand the next day for the floor debate. "The votes today," declared Republican Whip Ted Stevens, "will be the acid test of the budget process." Florida Democrat Lawton Chiles assailed the deficits in the Domenici-Baker budget, which would be $192 billion in 1984 and reach $220 billion in 1988. "I thought the Republicans were the party of fiscal responsibility," he said. "Is this the way to lower interest rates? That is a plan for catastrophe." The resolution was defeated, 56 to 43.

Next came a compromise offered by Washington Republican Slade Gorton, a freshman. It had some bipartisan support and the best chance of approval. It sought a 6% increase in defense spending and substantial new revenues: $9 billion in fiscal 1984, $13 billion in 1985, $51 billion in 1986, with declining deficits of $178.6 billion, $167.7 billion and $130.1 billion.

Such key Democrats as Senate Minority Leader Robert Byrd, Whip Alan Cranston and Massachusetts' Ted Kennedy backed Gorton's proposal. There was a hush in the hall as the tense

administrative burdens of withholding. They bombarded the elderly, the unemployed and other targeted groups with ads and speeches suggesting that withholding was a new tax, not simply the enforcement of an old one.

The bankers' blitz produced an alliance of rank-and-file Republicans and Democrats, who defied warnings by President Reagan, House Speaker Tip O'Neill and other House leaders that repeal would encourage tax evasion and hike deficits. Predicted New York's Barber Conable, ranking Republican on the Ways and Means Committee: "Many who vote for repeal will beat their breasts and bray against deficits."

The withholding issue now goes back to the Senate Finance Committee, which will decide this week whether to recommend acceptance of the House repeal in conference committee. Committee Chairman Robert Dole of Kansas, who filibustered a repeal effort in the Senate, is expected to report out a strengthened variant of a Senate "compromise," passed 91 to 5 last month, that would postpone withholding for four years and, in the interim, step up tax enforcement. Reagan, who in the past has pledged to veto any attempt to repeal or postpone withholding, appeared to soften his stance in the face of the veto-proof votes. Said he: "I'm going to wait and see what they come up with there on the Hill."

vote was taken. Democratic Presidential Hopeful John Glenn drew surprised whispers when he voted aye, reversing his position on a similar resolution the week before. Nonetheless, the Gorton compromise lost, 52 to 48.

As the evening wore on, Domenici modified his proposal only enough to let it qualify technically as a new one. If there was no agreement, he warned, "we will get veto after veto." The fault finding should stop, he argued, and the budget process should be saved. But Democrat Dale Bumpers of Arkansas, who rarely gets angry, railed at the Republican deficits. "If this deficit had been presented by Jimmy Carter," he shouted, "there would have been a serious outcry for his impeachment." Finally, the Domenici proposal was defeated again, 57 to 43.

Midnight was approaching. Republican Paul Trible of Virginia and Democrat Patrick Leahy of Vermont were in black tie, restlessly unable to attend a social function. Republican Senator Barry Goldwater, 74, decided to go home and go to bed. Howard Baker in effect threw in the towel. He asked the Senate to reconsider the Gorton compromise. "I did not support it, and I do not support it," he said. "I don't like what I am doing." But Baker argued that the Senate must try to pass some resolution and then fight out the issue in conference committee meetings with the House.

The roll call on the revived Gorton measure began. Both Domenici and Baker, who had watched his leadership vanish for the moment, voted no. But Republicans William Cohen, Thad Cochran and Stevens switched from their earlier opposition and voted yes. The count stood at 50 opposed, 49 for the resolution; it appeared lost. Domenici, now weary of the battle and determined to preserve the budget process, dramatically changed his vote. The compromise passed, 50 to 49.

Afterward Reagan repeated his vow to veto the kind of tax increases, higher domestic-program funding and lower military-spending levels included in the Gorton compromise. At a White House staff meeting the next morning, the mood was somber, despite the attitude of detachment toward the Senate budget decisions. It was dawning on everyone that Reagan's inability to wring an acceptable budget out of the Republican Senate was a sign of political weakness, not something to brag about on the hustings. It was becoming clear too that running against Congress is tricky when one house belongs to the G.O.P.

For the nation, moreover, Government by veto loomed as a tedious and unpredictable process. At a time when the public is looking for statesmanship and solutions, its elected officials had set a course that bodes more bickering and deadlock. ***—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Neil MacNeil/Washington***

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Buck Stops Here

The presidential commission is a peculiar creature of political expediency, at times the refuge of a timid and hesitant Chief Executive. The libraries of America groan with tomes from such advisory groups pronouncing on the great issues of the day. They have ranged in purpose from Lyndon Johnson's Atlantic-Pacific Interoceanic Canal Study Commission (a six-year, seven-volume study for an alternative to the Panama Canal) to Dwight Eisenhower's Commission on Presidential Office Space (seven months and 40 pages of mind-dulling prose). The truth is that most of those reports are unread or unheeded or both. And in some cases, such as the 1970 recommendations of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, they are denounced by both Congress and the White House, the very folks who asked for help.

So it is fairly remarkable that within three months two presidential commissions have delivered policy conclusions that have had sweeping impact. The recommendations by the Commission on Social Security Reform are now largely law, saving the system from bankruptcy. Those from the Commission on Strategic Forces gave new life to the multiwarhead MX, while shifting our long-term emphasis to smaller, single-warhead missiles.

Since a presidential commission usually signals a failure of the normal governmental machinery, Chief Executives have been wary of appointing too many of them. But the new successes have made the White House wonder whether we should have blue-ribbon panels assigned to two of the biggest problems we face: the budgetary chaos that is producing huge deficits and the lack of a coordinated defense plan.

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Strategic panel's Harold Brown and Brent Scowcroft

Alan Greenspan, who headed the Social Security commission, points out that Congress is ill suited to take away either the wealth or benefits it has granted. "Our commission," says Greenspan, "gave both Congress and the White House political protection." While pleasing no one, it spread the sacrifice equally. The commission met in an atmosphere of crisis because the Social Security fund was practically broke. An answer was needed, and a deadline had to be met. "I saw demagogues forced to be statesmen," chuckles Greenspan.

The sense of urgency was essential for success. So was the stature of the commission members. Placed in a room with fellow overachievers, all worked to the peak of their abilities. Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO, was not about to be compared unfavorably with Alexander Trowbridge, president of the National Association of Manufacturers. A kind of magic set in, relates Greenspan. For a heady time, the national interest transcended all other considerations. The commission worked out the problem, and the White House and Congress were so overjoyed at avoiding political blame that they accepted changes in benefits and taxes that had earlier made them balk.

The same reaction occurred in the meeting room of the Commission on Strategic Forces. Men like Henry Kissinger and Harold Brown, noted one participant, "were remarkably well behaved," sublimating their egos for the good of the group. They knew the stakes were larger than their own reputations. That report was the work of four former Secretaries of Defense, two former Secretaries of State and three former directors of the CIA. And their recommendations brought endorsements from three former Presidents. Would-be doubters were instantly humbled since virtually every top expert in strategic affairs had signed on.

Years ago, Woodrow Wilson argued that the clearest principle of representative government was that "somebody must be trusted." When politics threatens that trust, as now, the presidential commission, judiciously constituted and carefully used, can be one way back to confidence.

Playing It Loose at the Summit

The President prepares for some prickly company

It will be Ronald Reagan's first and only chance to be host at a Western economic summit meeting,* and for months, the President has been planning to make the three-day occasion memorably different from its eight predecessors. Above all, Reagan hopes to give the heads of government of Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Japan and Canada a chance to chat in a relaxed, informal and authentically all-American style over the Memorial Day weekend. His choice of venue, the restored confines of colonial Williamsburg, seems perfect.

Monet at work

After arriving by U.S. Marine Corps helicopter, the leaders of the West will be taken by horse-drawn carriages to the Georgian-style Governor's Palace. During their stay, the dignitaries will dine on such regional delicacies as batter-fried crayfish, Southern-fried chicken and Tex-Mex *chile con carne*, prepared under the direction of Chef Pierre Monet, formerly of Maxim's in Paris. At the President's insistence, the leaders will not even be burdened with the rigors of a formal agenda. As one White House aide put it, "The challenge is to keep things as natural as possible."

If the discussions are as uninhibited as the schedule, then expressions of disquiet can be expected from at least a few of the Western leaders. The chief bone of contention: Reaganomics and stratospheric U.S. budget deficits.

A foretaste of what may be in store at Williamsburg came last week from French President François Mitterrand. At a press conference following a meeting with West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, Mitterrand lashed out at American economic policy and complained that "it is not normal for the U.S. budget deficit to be paid by us in Europe." His meaning: U.S. shortfalls are the prime cause for continuing high international interest rates; these, in turn, could squelch the hesitant economic recovery in Western Europe. As a side effect, the level of interest rates has powerfully augmented the value of the U.S. dollar against other major Western currencies. Mitterrand therefore called for a "new Bretton Woods" conference among the allies, meaning an attempt to return to the kind of stable exchange system between Western currencies that prevailed from 1944 until 1971.

To a great extent the French and the other allies have reason to complain. The enormous U.S. deficits require extensive borrowing and keep money tight on both sides of the Atlantic; if they continue, they risk causing renewed world recession. The West Europeans, including the Socialist Mitterrand government, also feel aggrieved because they are making rigorous efforts at fiscal austerity. As a percentage of national output, the projected U.S. deficit (6.3% of G.N.P.) is nearly twice as large as those of France, Britain and West Germany, and more than three times as great as Japan's. The rise in value of the U.S. dollar has another adverse effect since the cost of petroleum is denominated in U.S. dollars, meaning that francs, marks and other currencies buy less oil. This year the slippage of the franc against the dollar will add an estimated $1 billion to France's oil bill.

On the other hand, Mitterrand had domestic political motives for going public with his criticism. Before his government was forced into the current round of austerity measures, Mitterrand launched a program of Socialist pump priming, at a time when most other industrialized countries found it necessary to cut back. Result: domestic inflation is still 9%. With public support for the Socialists in France slipping badly, Mitterrand is using the U.S. as a convenient scapegoat.

Mitterrand's outburst was an embarrassment to Chancellor Kohl, who prefers, as he put it at the same press conference, "to talk with friends and not at them." Nonetheless, concern over U.S. economic policies now appears to be endemic among all the allies. Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has publicly cited the U.S. deficit as a contributor to "destructive" international interest rates, and so has British Chancellor of the Exchequer Geoffrey Howe.

It remains to be seen, however, whether such harping will disturb the planned congeniality of Williamsburg. Reagan is hoping to avoid the sort of highly publicized disagreements that poisoned the atmosphere at last year's Versailles summit, now privately admitted by U.S. officials to have been a "disaster." At that time, the falling out was over Western Europe's purchase of natural gas from the Soviet pipeline.

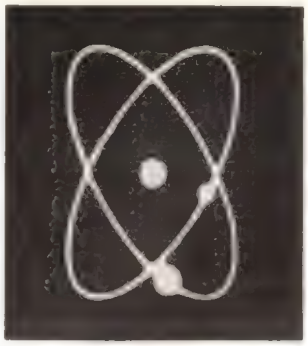
Unlike at Versailles, where Reagan often found himself in a minority on East-West issues, at Williamsburg he should have comfort in numbers. Three of his fellow leaders—British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone and West Germany's Kohl—share many of Reagan's economic and social philosophies. The others—Mitterrand, Trudeau and Italian Prime Minister Amintore Fanfani—lean more to the center and the left.

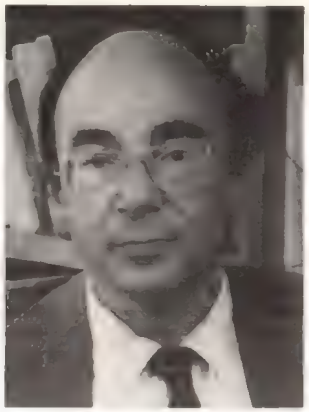
Nonetheless, Reagan's free-style format for the meeting carries its own risks. As chairman, he is required to master a wide variety of foreign trade and political matters that have never been his strong suit. To ensure against embarrassing flubs, Reagan has held frequent briefing sessions with a shifting cast of experts. Another hazard is that the unstructured nature of the meeting will make it easier for the foreign leaders to air any conflict that they choose to bring up. Says one of Reagan's summit advisers: "There's no question that this is a riskier process. If anyone wants to generate confrontation, he can do it."

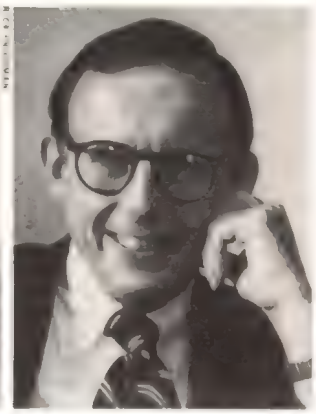
Against those risks must be measured the President's enduring personal charm and the fact that those attending the meeting are, after all, friends and allies. No matter what thorny discussions come up behind the colonial doors of Williamsburg, the Great Communicator can be expected to put an affable face on them. —*By George Russell. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett/Washington and Lawrence Malkin/Paris*

Rehearsing for the leaders' arrival: 18th century coach and 20th century chopper

*Another U.S. summit is not scheduled until 1990







The report cover; Author Hoffmann; Staff Director Sagan; Author Huntington

Nation

Cooling Off the Nuclear Debate

A study seeks a middle ground for hawks and doves

Living with nuclear weapons is our only hope. It requires that we persevere in reducing the likelihood of war even though we cannot remove the possibility altogether.

On that realistic note, a group of Harvard University scholars is raising a new possibility in the persistent U.S. nuclear arms control debate. Their theme: something less than a dramatic change or restructuring in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. nuclear balance may be the best and most feasible way for the U.S. to reduce the possibility of a nuclear holocaust. Their conclusion: the most consequential actions in nuclear arms control may be those "modest but real steps toward improved safety that can be taken now." This thought comes at an auspicious moment for the U.S.: the Reagan Administration is showing signs, however slight, of progress in its own efforts to strike a nuclear bargain with Congress

Last week, praising what he called a "bipartisan consensus" on Capitol Hill over the arms control issue, the President hailed the House Appropriations Committee's vote to release $625 million in funding for the controversial MX missile, in return for presidential acceptance of arms control measures contained in the Administration's own Scowcroft report.

Meanwhile, the tense and polarized public debate over arms control strategy continues. One side—typified by the grass-roots nuclear-freeze movement—argues that a sudden halt to development and production of nuclear weapons by both superpowers will markedly reduce the possibility of global nuclear war. The other side, led by the Reagan Administration, champions "deep cuts" in the nuclear arsenals as the basis for Strategic Arms Reduction Talks between Washington and Moscow. But it argues that a substantial further U.S. buildup is necessary to make the Soviets accept reductions

Both of these divergent perspectives come in for heavy criticism by the Harvard scholars in their new study on the dilemmas of nuclear arms negotiation. Their collective effort, to be published next week under the title *Living with Nuclear Weapons*, is billed by its authors, the Harvard Nuclear Study Group,* as an exercise in ideology-free education, rather than advocacy. Much of the book is a history of the nuclear arms race. As if addressing the current congressional maneuvering over nuclear weapons, the authors reject both a comprehensive freeze on nuclear weapons development and the drastic cuts proposed by Reagan.

Both approaches, say the authors, are "atomic escapism." Adopting a nuclear-freeze policy would necessitate elaborate negotiations with the Soviets that would require at least several years. Besides, argues the group, "the danger of nuclear weapons lies in their use, rather than their existence," and a freeze does not impose constraints on existing weapons.

By the same logic, they warn that simply opting for deep cuts in existing nuclear arsenals is no easy answer to the nuclear nightmare. They point out that the "wrong kind" of reductions in superpower arsenals could increase nuclear instability and that deep cuts are only helpful if the "most destabilizing" nuclear weapons systems are reduced first, such as multiple-warhead missiles. By contrast, it would make no sense to reduce the number of missile-bearing U.S. submarines by 50%: "Fewer than ten submarines [the estimated number that would then remain on active patrol at any one time] would have to be tracked and destroyed for a successful surprise attack against what is now the most invulnerable part of our force."

They also assail a number of "half-truths" about the nuclear arms race. Among them: that the U.S. has always led in the competition; and that new Soviet weapons programs occur only in reaction to U.S. programs. "When they can be first, the Soviets try to be first," say the authors. The Harvard group also considers to be a half-truth the view that arms control weakens U.S. defense efforts; equally misleading is the idea that arms control involves "trusting" the Soviets.

The Harvard authors recommend that the U.S. work harder in areas of arms control that now seem of lesser importance but that may turn into hotbeds of U.S.-Soviet nuclear competition. One important example: an attempt to prevent the development of antisatellite weaponry, which ultimately threatens the communication between the superpowers and their deterrent forces. Strengthening of that communications network, they say, should be among the top U.S. defense priorities. The Harvard authors oppose the development of the B-1 bomber and have reservations about the deployment of submarine-launched nuclear cruise missiles. But they support the Stealth bomber and air-launched cruise missiles, and see little gain in adopting a policy forgoing the first use of nuclear weapons in the event of war. The scholars support U.S. retention of land-based intercontinental missiles, even though the weapons are theoretically vulnerable to surprise attack. They also recommend, however, the gradual replacement of the multiwarhead Minutemen with the kind of small, single-warhead weapons that were recommended by the Scowcroft Commission.

One area where the Harvard scholars could not agree was on support for the MX. Instead, as they do in other instances, they included in the book all of their differing points of view on the topic. Says one of the Harvard authors: "It was important to tell the public why reasonable people can disagree." —*By George Russell. Reported by Joelle Attinger/Boston*

*The authors: Albert Carnesale, academic dean of the Kennedy School of Government; Paul Doty, director of the Center for Science and International Affairs; Stanley Hoffmann, chairman of the Center for European Studies; Samuel Huntington, former coordinator of planning for the National Security Council; Joseph Nye, former deputy to the Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance, Science and Technology; Scott Sagan, Ph.D. candidate in government, who was the project's staff director

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Chapter Two

Ruckelshaus wades into EPA

At the swearing-in ceremony at the old Executive Office Building in Washington, the President called him "an extraordinary public servant" who would have "total support in the difficult job of enforcing and administering our nation's environmental protection laws." Reagan urged him to start "a new chapter." With that mandate, William Ruckelshaus last week became the new administrator of the troubled Environmental Protection Agency. Said Jay Hair, executive vice president of the National Wildlife Federation, the nation's largest nonprofit citizen's conservation group: "Not only is Ruckelshaus the best choice anyone could hope for from this Administration, he would be an excellent choice in any Administration." Earlier in the week the Senate had echoed those sentiments in approving the nominee by a vote of 97 to 0. Quipped Republican Senator Robert Stafford from Vermont: "I only hope that hereafter Mr. Ruckelshaus can live up to his advance billing."

That may require the fullest exercise of his considerable political and personal skills. Only hours before the President hailed "a new beginning" for the agency, the House of Representatives voted, 413 to 0, to hold former EPA Official Rita Lavelle (head of the hazardous-waste program until she was fired in February) in contempt of Congress for failing to comply with a subpoena to testify before a House subcommittee. Meanwhile, the Justice Department was reported to be considering a grand jury investigation into allegations that Lavelle and former EPA General Counsel Robert Perry committed perjury in their testimony before Congress. Former Administrator Anne Burford, who was forced to resign in March, has been cited for contempt in connection with congressional investigations of the $1.6 billion hazardous-waste Superfund. She resisted compliance with Congress's request for EPA documents at the request of the President.

Lavelle: held in contempt

Dingell: new evidence

However, new allegations continued to surface about EPA's management of the toxic-waste Superfund. In a press conference on Thursday, Representative John Dingell of Michigan charged that his committee's investigation into the agency had uncovered new evidence of wrongdoing by EPA officials. Dingell referred to a memorandum that Lavelle sent on Sept. 13, 1982, to White House Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver. In it she proposed that the announcement of some Superfund grants in New Jersey be timed to benefit the election campaigns of two Republicans and that the President make an appearance for the announcement.

The new boss, ready for the cleanup

Handling some weighty political baggage.

While Dingell failed to offer conclusive evidence—indeed Reagan did not even travel to New Jersey—the Congressman nonetheless maintained that the document "makes clear that Miss Lavelle and Mr. Deaver had been discussing the use of the Superfund for the intended benefit of certain congressional candidates, a Governor and the President of the United States." In reply, Deaver denied having had political discussions with Lavelle. "I've never talked to Lavelle the whole time she was in Washington," he said, and added jokingly, "I thought the Superfund was the United Way."

The incident served as a further reminder of the weighty political baggage that Ruckelshaus inherits at EPA. In his first move, Ruckelshaus issued—and the EPA made public—an internal memo with a list of new "general principles." Then, to demonstrate his pledge to run the agency "in a fishbowl," Ruckelshaus announced that his weekly appointment calendar would be made available to the public. He released a list of financial interests from which he would divest himself; among them was Weyerhaeuser, where he has been a senior vice president. By week's end the last two top holdovers at EPAfrom the Burford regime were asked to resign and did so. ■

FBI Foul-Ups

Bungling the Donovan case

The interim report of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee investigating the confirmation of Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan was damaging enough. The 46-page text, which was issued last week, accused FBI Director William Webster and then Executive Assistant Director Francis Mullen of withholding information that raised serious questions about Donovan's fitness for office. As a result, the committee charged, the FBI "usurped the Senate's constitutional responsibility" and "compromised the Senate's ability to inform itself."

But the documents and testimony buried in the report's 885-page appendix are potentially more embarrassing. They directly contradict an internal FBI memo of December 1980, in which Webster revealed that he had assured Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese that the bureau's 60 field offices had run a check on Donovan and turned up no incriminating evidence. In a letter to the Labor Committee dated Sept. 17, 1982, Assistant U.S. Attorney General Robert McConnell said that the FBI had "located no information to suggest that such a check was made in any field office." In his own testimony before the Labor Committee, Mullen also contradicted his boss, saying that at the time of Webster's assertion, the field offices had not been asked about Donovan.

Mullen's testimony cast doubt, as well, on his own statement in January 1981 that the bureau had "no information which would reflect unfavorably upon Mr. Donovan in any manner." This clean bill persuaded the Labor Committee to recommend that Donovan be confirmed. The full Senate approved Donovan in February 1981, but inquiries continued. When a special prosecutor concluded last year that there was "insufficient credible evidence" to indict Donovan, the President proclaimed the case "closed." But evidence that the FBI had withheld information linking Donovan's old firm, Schiavone Construction Co., to organized crime prompted Labor Committee Members Orrin Hatch and Edward Kennedy last July to order an investigation into the handling of his confirmation.

The committee found that significant information was held back not only by the FBI but also by Presidential Counsel Fred Fielding. He produced an FBI memo declaring the investigation of Donovan "favorable and complete" but, according to Hatch, failed to mention a later FBI document describing alleged links between Donovan, Schiavone and the Mob.

The Labor Committee noted a number of specific allegations that the FBI did not pass along to the Senate. These included: six mentions of Donovan picked up by wire taps on the telephone of William Masselli, a reputed member of the

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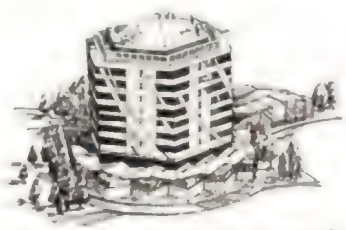

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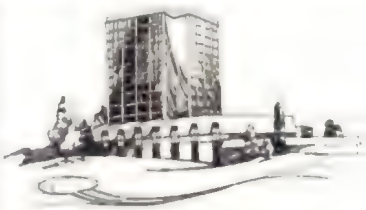

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Genovese crime family in New York; references to Schiavone Construction in the agency's files on the disappearance of former Teamsters President Jimmy Hoffa; and reports from FBI informants that Donovan and Schiavone may have had ties to organized crime through the firm's dealings with the Big J Trucking Co.

Mullen, now acting director of the Drug Enforcement Administration, is quoted as lamely saying that the FBI's duty was to pass along its findings on Donovan to the White House and not to the Senate. Webster fares little better. In his 1980 memo he stated that Schiavone showed up a number of times in the bureau's files on the Hoffa case, "but that none of these suggested any criminality or organized-crime associations." Webster has since been unable to find these references and, chides the committee, "has no idea where he got that information. The background investigation of a Cabinet nominee demands greater care than this." ■

High Profile

A narc irks some Vermonters

WANTED: *Male, between 22 and 32 years old. Has a penchant for handsome attire, fancy foreign cars, and comes from out of state. He will be looking for isolated property, perhaps even several holdings, and will make the down payment in cash.*

Earlier this month, at greater length, the Drug Enforcement Administration began providing Vermont realtors with a so-called drug-trafficker profile. New England DEA Chief Robert Stutman mailed two-page, single-spaced letters asking the state's realtors to "help locate properties that are being utilized to conceal illicit drugs" by flagging the agency when dealing with customers who fit that general description. Stutman said the pusher profile was based on DEA experience. Vermont is located in the middle of the heavily traveled Montreal-Boston smuggling corridor. Says Stutman: "We need all the help we can get."

At the time, Stutman regarded his letter as a routine move, but some Vermonters thought otherwise. Said White River Junction Realtor Chas Baker: "Just about anybody who walks through my doors fits at least one of the profile's criteria." An editorial in the Rutland, Vt., *Herald* sharply criticized the DEA request, using the headline REALTORS AS NARCS. Some residents even complained to the Vermont chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, whose executive director, Scott Skinner, found that the DEA profile "smacks of Big Brotherism."

Other Vermonters took a more cooperative view. Insisted Paul Poquette, president of the Vermont Board of Realtors, which provided the DEA with its mailing list: "Anybody who can help uncover drug pushers should." Nonetheless, a DEA official conceded, "The approach could have been more subtle." ■

Keeping the Company's Secrets

The censors turn on a former CIA director

Stansfield Turner

As CIA director under Jimmy Carter, Admiral Stansfield Turner established the Publications Review Board, in essence a censorship committee within the agency to ensure that no secrets crept into print in the writings of former agents. It was Turner who was responsible for the civil prosecution of Frank W. Snepp, whose 1977 book, *Decent Interval*, a critical study of the agency's role in Viet Nam, was published without prior CIA review, in violation of his contract with the agency. In February 1980, the Supreme Court ordered Snepp to hand over profits from his book to the Government. So far, that ruling has cost Snepp nearly $200,000 in forgone royalties.

Now, ironically, Turner is running afoul of the review process he helped create. Agency censors want to delete material from Turner's own book about intelligence gathering operations. They claim that Turner's disclosures would endanger CIA sources and methods.

Turner, who has been highly critical of the CIA under Ronald Reagan, has rewritten the offending chapters, but he is digging in his heels to retain some anecdotes about CIA clandestine operations that he insists do not compromise U.S. security interests. The nature of the proposed deletions, he was quoted as saying, "changes the chapters and makes them less appealing from a sales point of view." He explains, "I believe it's in the interest of an open society to make public as much information as you can, without endangering national security."

That argument carries little weight in the Reagan Administration, which is appalled by too many leaks and has tightened rules on classification, making it easier for Government papers to be stamped SECRET. Last March the President issued a directive extending security procedures to all those in Government who are cleared for highly classified information. They now must sign prepublication review agreements covering their writings even after they have retired. Previously such strictures applied only to members of the intelligence Establishment like Snepp and Turner.

Turner says he is confident that the dispute can be settled without litigation, but if the CIA stands fast that will be his only course of action short of defying the agency as Snepp did. "If we did end up in court, it would surprise me," he says. "This is a highly negotiated process." ■

Is the President doing his famous moose imitation? Polishing his ears in public? Playing black-tie volleyball? No. Ronald Reagan is merely indulging a long-suppressed urge to mug for the birdie. Speaking at the White House News Photographers Association dinner in Washington last week, Reagan stuck his thumbs in his ears and wiggled his fingers clown fashion. "I've been waiting years to do this," he said with a mischievous grin as the audience roared its approval for his unpresidential gesture. His hands were quicker than most of the assembled camera eyes. "Do it again!" the frustrated shutterbugs shouted. Reagan merely smiled. But U.P.I. Photographer Rich Lipski captured the moment. Although the dinner was supposed to be off the record, Reagan had no regrets. "I don't care if the cameras were on," he said. "It still got a good laugh."

A Breakthrough In Labor Relations Has Vehicles Made

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The Philadelphia story: Goode strives to become a mayor "for everyone in the city"

Another Big-City Black Mayor?

Goode wins in a primary with the help of white votes

For one of his final rallies in Philadelphia's Democratic mayoral primary, Frank Rizzo ventured into a black neighborhood. Surrounded by bodyguards, the former mayor spoke bluntly. "You know, they're saying I'm going to get skunked in the black community. I don't believe that. I want to win with everybody in this city helping me."

"Boo, Rizzo!" cried a woman in the crowd. "We don't want you as mayor." It was one of the few even slightly rude moments in a remarkably even-tempered, almost genteel campaign. It was also prophetic. Last week, in his quest to be Philadelphia's first black mayor, W. Wilson Goode reaped 97% of the city's black vote and took the primary by a margin of 7%. With a 65.6% turnout, the primary, like Chicago's bitter mayoral bout last month, evidenced emerging black power at municipal polls.

Though race was clearly a factor in the voting, the lines were not as sharply drawn as in Chicago. While Harold Washington won just a fraction of the white vote, Goode netted an impressive 23% of it. If Goode, 44, is elected in November, it would put blacks in charge of four of the nation's six largest cities: Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Detroit. But even cushioned by a 5-to-1 Democratic superiority, Goode is no shoo-in. The G.O.P. is girding for a tough fight, hoping to take advantage of a fractured Democratic Party and regain city hall after 32 years out of power. "I've spoken to some of these people, and there's going to be a mass defection from the Democratic Party," said longtime Political Observer Jordon Pitock. "You gotta be honest and say, 'Do you want a black city?' If there ever was a chance for the Republicans to win, this is it."

Those chances rest with G.O.P. Primary Winner John Egan Jr., 39, a Democrat until just three days before he declared his candidacy. A high school dropout, he made his way from messenger boy to chairman of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, amassing a personal fortune. Goode strategists hope that Egan and the independent candidate, Thomas Leonard, a former city controller and Democrat, will split the vote of disaffected whites. Goode's campaign will continue to avoid direct appeals to black pride and to highlight his impressive credentials. The son of a sharecropper, he holds a master's degree in government administration from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School. He served as state public utilities chairman and for the past three years held the visible position of managing director of the city under retiring Mayor William Green. He plans to present himself as a unifying force. Said Goode: "We're not against anyone; we're for everyone who lives in the city."

■ ■ ■

In defeat, as in his 14 years as Denver mayor, William McNichols Jr. was the consummate Irish pol. "What do you want me to do, faint?" he genially asked a cadre of pestering reporters as he puffed on his cigar. So "Mayor Bill," 73, bowed out after finishing a stinging third in a field of seven in last Tuesday's election. Slogging through a freak spring blizzard, voters favored former State Legislator Federico Peña and former District Attorney Dale Tooley, who will meet in a runoff on June 21.

While other cities went broke, Mayor Bill presided over Denver's boom years, when the skyline sprouted glass-and-steel towers and residents approved some $350 million worth of building projects. Although McNichols was never under suspicion, his administration was beset by scandals and his reputation as a good manager was tarnished by the revelations about his appointees. ■

Power Play

Mutiny at the N.A.A.C.P.

For three-quarters of a century the N.A.A.C.P., resolutely mainstream in its struggles for racial justice, has been the most important U.S. civil rights organization. Yet the group has been adrift for almost a decade, and its membership has been halved to fewer than 200,000. Now open mutiny seems to have broken out at the top. With a curt letter sent last week, Margaret Bush Wilson, chairman of the N.A.A.C.P. board of directors, summarily suspended Executive Director Benjamin Hooks.

Hooks, a former Federal Communications Commissioner who has battled with Wilson since taking the N.A.A.C.P. job in 1977, stood fast, refusing to hand over power to Wilson's designated caretaker. Said Hooks: "I'm still functioning." And he may still be next week, after the 64-member board, loaded with Hooks partisans, has an emergency meeting. "We will have to decide who is the real spokesman for the N.A.A.C.P.," said the Rev. Edward Hailes, a board member.

The conflict is ironic, given the strikingly similar backgrounds of Wilson, 64, from St. Louis, and Hooks, 58, a Memphis native: both are lawyers who grew up in middle-class black families in Mississippi River cities during the Depression. Wilson began her latest maneuvers against Hooks at a special board meeting she convened last month. There she bitterly accused him of mismanagement, which she says has tarnished the N.A.A.C.P.'s reputation within the philanthropic community. She had the board pass a resolution reaffirming her position at the top of the N.A.A.C.P. hierarchy.

Most board members, whatever their qualms about Hooks, are fuming at Wilson, and say they did not realize that she intended last month's endorsement as a prelude to last week's power grab. Her main charge is that Hooks has refused to release records that would, she says, document his administrative bungling. But, said Hailes, "I don't know of any materials requested that have not been turned over." Indeed, it looks now as though Wilson is the one in jeopardy. "If there is a showdown," predicted Board Member Hazel Dukes, "the vote would be 61 for Hooks to 3 for Wilson." ■

Chairman Wilson *vs.* Director Hooks

Crash of a Shooting Star

A promising career is derailed by a heroin bust

From the police's standpoint, it was a routine undercover procedure, a small-time heroin sting. The "dealer" in the Washington motel room last Monday night was a District of Columbia policeman. The buyers were two unwise young men: the acquaintance who set them up with the dealer was a police informer. In short order, five parcels, half a gram of heroin in each "nickel bag," were exchanged for $150. The dupes headed outside, into a circle of four waiting police officers. Winston Prude, 32, a lawyer, panicked and stuffed one of the nickel bags into his mouth; it was pried out by police. His companion, dressed in a suit, did nothing and said nothing. Both were charged with possession of heroin, a misdemeanor carrying a maximum penalty of a year in jail and a $10,000 fine, and promptly released on bail. According to Captain James Nestor, commander of Washington's narcotics squad, both men had needle marks on their arms, suggesting that last week's drug buy was not their first.

Eric Breindel in 1977

As it turned out, the rather unremarkable bust had *Brideshead Revisited* overtones: the silent co-defendant was Eric Breindel, 27, an aide with the Senate's Select Committee on Intelligence for New York Democrat Daniel P. Moynihan. Says an older friend: "He is a golden youth, this kid. He is loyal, honorable, fine, delicate, conscientious and loving."

Even before Moynihan hired him last November, Breindel's résumé was impeccably top drawer: Exeter prep school education, editorial chairman of the daily *Crimson* as an undergraduate at Harvard, graduate of Harvard Law School, sometime student at the London School of Economics. He has a book in progress about Zionist history and has written an impressive sheaf of neoconservative pieces on politics and foreign affairs for the *Wall Street Journal*, the New York *Times*, the *New Republic* and *Commentary*. "He's very much a real intellectual," says one of his editors. "His passion is the world of ideas. He is very, very brilliant, the most impressive young man I've ever come across." He is charming and attractive to boot; a few years ago, he was the escort of Caroline Kennedy. Adds the incredulous editor: "He was no square, but he believes in the values of straightness."

Yet some who know Breindel suggest that he has been ambivalent about these values and regularly swerved into the fast lane. At Harvard he roomed with Robert Kennedy's son David, who has had his much publicized drug problems. Other friends, groping for an explanation, speculate that Breindel's chronic physical pain—he had undergone several operations in recent years for wrist and kidney ailments—led him to seek an illicit painkiller. Yet it is hard to understand why he would not stick to prescription relief: both his father and sister are physicians. Still, the friends who say they were unaware of a heroin problem are not alone. The FBI, Pentagon and CIA investigated Breindel after Moynihan tapped him for the intelligence committee and, finding nothing untoward, gave him a security clearance in March. Breindel resigned his sensitive post the day after his arrest.

■ ■ ■

Nik Cohn's arrest last week, for conspiracy to import heroin and cocaine and for distributing both drugs, did not quite shock his friends. Cohn, 37, who wrote the magazine article on which the film *Saturday Night Fever* was based, led a night-crawling, drug-charged life in Manhattan. Said his lawyer, Andrew Maloney: "Mr. Cohn is no more than what too many other people are these days, an abuser of controlled substances. But he's not a trafficker." The Drug Enforcement Administration, after a five-month investigation that included hundreds of wiretapped telephone conversations, claims otherwise. Accused along with Cohn as co-conspirators were 15 people, mainly New York residents. They included a flamboyantly rich British earl, John Jermyn, 28. Cohn, if convicted, could be sentenced to 15 years in prison. He was released on $500,000 bail, secured by a Manhattan town house he owns.

Cohn, a British émigré, has written mostly about rock music. He made the trip from Grub Street toward Easy Street by way of Hollywood: the film version of his 1976 *New York* magazine story about Brooklyn disco culture was a box office smash. Cohn's subsequent *New York* cover was "24 Hours on 42nd Street," a lurid first-person account of a day and night spent swallowing street drugs amid the sexual sleaze of Times Square. ■

Foul Play

Quite a catch in California

The gang's *modus operandi* was direct and effective: two young men, disguised with wigs, hats, glasses, false beards and mustaches, and black stage makeup, would enter the banks wielding guns. While one commandeered the lobby, shouting profanities and racial slurs, the other would leap over the counter and scoop up the money. Outside, a man in a business suit waited calmly in the getaway car, a gray Mercedes. Said Sacramento Police Sergeant Jim Rodenbaugh: "They were the most intimidating, sophisticated, active group I've ever dealt with."

The break for police in this unusual case came last June, after a 16-year-old bungled a holdup of a Chinese restaurant. He was shot by the owner and, once captured, told police a tale with a twist straight out of Charles Dickens. He said the leader of the gang of some 20 young men, ranging in age from 15 to 25, was Spencer Sawyer, 31, a maintenance supervisor. An imposing figure at 6 ft., 230 lbs., with a full beard and shaven head, Sawyer had formed the nucleus of his gang while coaching a Little League team about seven years ago. The gang members said he plied them, when they were only ten to twelve years old, with cash and drugs. By 1981 a growing circle of young men felt obliged to repay Sawyer's largesse. Working out of his apartment, Sawyer organized them into a roving gang responsible for at least 23 holdups in 18 months that netted more than $81,000. FBI agents and police finally closed in during a savings-and-loan robbery last August.

In disguise, a member of Sawyer's gang robs a bank in Sacramento

Sawyer's lawyer, Lloyd Riley, argued that the prosecution's portrayal of his client as a latter-day Fagin was "absurd. He doesn't have the mental capacity to execute such schemes." But U.S. District Judge Lawrence Karlton decided last week that the coach had indeed taught his team to steal more than bases. He sentenced Sawyer, who had pleaded guilty to two counts of unarmed robbery, to a maximum 30 years in prison. Ten gang members had earlier received four to 24 years. ■

In Khalde, Lebanon, U.S. Envoy Draper looks on as Kimche, left, signs for Israel and Fattal, right, signs for Lebanon

MIDDLE EAST

No Cause for Celebration

One year later, Israel has little to show for its invasion of Lebanon

The ceremonies, conducted in a second-class hotel in the Beirut suburb of Khalde and three hours later in a community cultural center in the Israeli border town of Qiryat Shemona, were aptly symbolic. In the Khalde ceremony, Lebanese Negotiator Antoine Fattal held his chin in knit fingers, and his eyes were downcast. He applauded politely but without enthusiasm when his Israeli counterpart, David Kimche, made a brief speech praising the agreement that was about to be signed. Lebanese President Amin Gemayel summed up his countrymen's attitude when he later declared, "Lebanon is not holding celebrations today. Lebanon's real feast will come on the day the external forces leave our territory."

That feast day does not seem imminent. In spite of the 24-page agreement laboriously negotiated by Lebanese, Israeli and U.S. diplomats over five months, there was little hope that any of the foreign troops now in Lebanon were actually prepared to leave. It was understood by the three countries that Israel would not withdraw its estimated 38,000 troops from Lebanon until the 50,000 Syrian troops and the 10,000 to 15,000 Palestine Liberation Organization commandos had first been removed, and Syrian President Hafez Assad has made it clear that he has no intention of cooperating.

The effective failure of the agreement that had just been achieved was a fitting ending, in a way, to the first year of Israel's war in Lebanon. Israel had removed the threat of P.L.O. bombardment of Israel's northern cities, but had failed to destroy the organization as a political force in the Arab world. The Soviets, who were humiliated by their client Syria's poor military performance against Israel last summer, seem to have recouped their position in the area and are proclaiming that peace in the Middle East is impossible without them. Israeli troops, in the meantime, are still bogged down in Lebanon.

The week's formal events went largely as expected. The Lebanese Cabinet and Parliament approved the withdrawal agreement unanimously. The Israeli Knesset also approved it, by a vote of 57 to 6, with 44 members of the opposition Labor Party abstaining as a gesture of protest against the way in which the government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin had conducted the war.

The agreement calls on Israel to with-

draw its forces within eight to twelve weeks after the accord goes into effect. After that, a limited number of Israelis would be allowed to operate in southern Lebanon as members of eight Lebanese-Israeli joint supervisory teams and at liaison centers to be established near Hasbeya and Mayfadun.

The agreement further specifies that the security area in southern Lebanon, stretching generally from the Israeli border to a line running east along the Awali River, which enters the Mediterranean Sea just north of Sidon, is to be divided into two zones. The northern sector is to be patrolled by a regular Lebanese army brigade, while the southern is to be patrolled by a territorial brigade made up of soldiers from the immediate area.

Some of the more sensitive matters were dealt with in confidential memorandums. The U.S. and Israel signed a document specifying that Israel had the right to retaliate, in self-defense, against attacks by terrorists in Lebanon. Also handled privately was the status of Major Saad Haddad, the former Lebanese army officer who heads a militia armed by and loyal to the Israelis. The Lebanese government agreed that Haddad will become a deputy commander of the southern territorial brigade of the Lebanese army.

The formal agreement does not go very far in describing the character of future relations between the two countries. But it does call for further negotiations, to begin within six months, on the "movement of goods, products and persons" across the Israeli-Lebanese border. This clause will enable Begin to tell his countrymen that they have stabilized relations with Lebanon as a result of their sacrifices during the invasion and occupation. It is also one of the clauses that most enrage the Syrians because, as Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam put it last week, it indicates that Lebanon has become, in their view, "an Israeli protectorate."

The Reagan Administration seemed reluctant to admit that it had a problem on its hands. The President noted at his press conference that the Syrians had previously said they would leave Lebanon and that "a number of their Arab allies are urging them to stick with their word and to leave when all forces are prepared to leave." Earlier Reagan had told reporters at a White House photo session that "the opportunity shouldn't be allowed to slip away. The risks, if the withdrawal fails, are far greater than the risks of completing the withdrawal."

Near a wall of political posters, an Israeli tank watches over the Beirut-Damascus highway

Begin is learning that when the going gets rough, the pressure at home is to pull out.

Less than two weeks earlier, the Syrians had promised Secretary of State George Shultz that a high-level American negotiator would always be welcome. But last week the state-run Syrian press agency declared that Syria had "nothing to discuss" with Special Envoy Philip Habib, whom it described as "one of the most hostile American diplomats toward the Arabs and their cause." At the time of the signing, the Syrians expressed their displeasure by closing highways in the Syrian-controlled areas of northern and eastern Lebanon. The Syrians have hinted that they might close the Syrian-Lebanese border indefinitely. The newspaper of the ruling Baath Party spoke of "a crushing civil war that would splinter Lebanon's unity and cancel its existence as a country."

The Lebanese were taking such talk seriously. As an aide to President Gemayel said, "We cannot dismiss the possibility that at some point the Syrians could declare Lebanon's existence null and void [as they] annex the areas of Lebanon that are under their control." What is certain is that the Syrians are already trying to influence Lebanese politics by exerting pressure on a variety of factions within the beleaguered country to oppose the agreement. Last week a meeting of those factions was held in the northern Lebanese town of Zgharta.

In the face of such concerted Syrian opposition, President Gemayel urged Secretary of State Shultz to return to the Middle East immediately for a round of face-to-face talks with Syrian President Assad. But Shultz took the position that some time would have to pass before the Syrians would be prepared to negotiate in earnest. In the meantime, U.S. diplomats emphasized that they did not consider the latest Syrian rebuffs "a final closing of the door." They noted that only two Arab states, Libya and South Yemen, have joined Syria in denouncing the agreement, while Egypt and Algeria have expressed their support. Most Arab leaders, including Saudi Arabia's King Fahd, whom Assad visited two weeks ago, have refrained from taking a position.

For the Israelis, the yearlong war has brought few of the benefits they were expecting. To be sure, the P.L.O. fighting force was driven out of Beirut last August, and the organization has not recovered from its military setback—nor can it in the foreseeable future. A senior P.L.O. official now in Damascus remarked recently, "I miss Beirut. We could breathe there." But last week P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat, sounding more belligerent than at any time since his departure from Beirut last September, told a group of

As seen from an Israeli position, two Syrian soldiers stand in the rocky Bekaa Valley

Syrian President Assad confers with Saudi Arabia's King Fahd

P.L.O. officers in Syria that "effective war is the only available means for redrawing the political map [of the Middle East]." Nor has the war restored Lebanon to the relative stability it once enjoyed. Beirut is again threatened by violence between long-feuding Christian Phalangist militiamen and Druze fighters. Worse, Gemayel's bold decision to go ahead with the Israeli agreement places him on a collision course with a newly rearmed and perhaps overly confident Syria.

Israel scored a modest gain in improving the security of its northern border towns. But the cost was extremely high: the lives of almost 500 Israeli soldiers. Even now, under frequent guerrilla attacks, the Israeli forces are suffering far higher casualties than the civilian losses of northern Israeli communities before the war, and this creates considerable dissatisfaction back home. Says a State Department official: "Begin is learning the difficulty in a democratic society of waging a prolonged war. When the going gets rough, the home pressure is to pull out." While Begin remains politically secure, he is beginning to feel the sting of Israeli disapproval arising from a problem that has so far defied solution.

Israel's relations with the U.S., which hit rock bottom during the ten-week siege of Beirut, have improved, although a sense of strain on both sides remains. One of the most important effects of Shultz's trip earlier this month was to restore relations between the two countries to a sort of equilibrium. Last week President Reagan lifted the embargo he imposed last June on the sale of advanced F-16 jet aircraft to Israel. The U.S. has no intention, however, of reinstating the November 1981 "memorandum of understanding" on strategic cooperation that entitled Israel to broad U.S. collaboration on military matters. That memorandum was canceled by the U.S. after Israel's outright annexation of the Golan Heights in December 1981. When asked whether he thought Israel's recent efforts to revive the strategic relationship would be successful, a State Department official in Washington privately replied last week, "No dice."

After their invasion of Lebanon, the Israelis boasted that by shooting down 86 Soviet-built Syrian jets over the Bekaa Valley they had dealt a severe blow to Soviet prestige in the area. The Soviets, however, have returned to the area with surprising speed. They replaced most of the Syrian equipment destroyed last year, and supplied the Syrian armed forces with sophisticated new weaponry. There are now 4,000 to 6,000 Soviet technicians and advisers on Syrian soil, representing an increase of some 2,000 since the war. Also, for the first time, Moscow has installed its advanced SA-5 surface-to-air missiles outside the Soviet Union. The two batteries of SA-5s, located near the Syrian towns of Dumar and Shimshar and manned by Soviet technicians, are in a position to strike aircraft in northern Israel.

Arafat with P.L.O. members in Bekaa Valley

"I miss Beirut. We could breathe there."

Despite the high cost of the war to Israel, the hostilities gave the U.S. a rare diplomatic opportunity to press for a solution to some of the region's longstanding problems. As of last September, the P.L.O. had been defeated, the Syrians had been virtually disarmed and the Soviets discredited in their ability to influence events. The U.S. responded with an admirable plan, the Reagan initiative, but then allowed precious months to slip by as the Israelis dallied, the Soviets rearmed the Syrians, the P.L.O. recovered part of its strength, and Jordan's King Hussein tried to decide whether to risk negotiating with Israel and the U.S. The moment of opportunity passed, and with it the Reagan initiative. In time the Syrians and the P.L.O., backed by the Soviets, managed to scuttle King Hussein's efforts to join in the peace talks, and now seem bent on blocking the "pax Americana" in Lebanon as well. Due to the continued occupation, efforts to reconcile hostile factions within Lebanon have come to naught, and the country's internal stability is by no means assured. Some of the Lebanese militias, taking their cues from foreign mentors, have resumed their traditional quarrels.

All this is happening at a time of uncertainty and instability throughout the Middle East. As the Iran-Iraq war continues, Iraq shows increasing signs of internal stress, even suggesting its possible disintegration. The Muslim fundamentalist movement, the same tumultuous force that caused a revolution in Iran, is showing strength in Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Saudi Arabia and the gulf. Some Middle East experts are speculating about what could happen if Muslim fundamentalists and radical ideologues in any of half a dozen countries ever manage to form a common front. In Saudi Arabia, whose reduced oil revenues have curtailed its ability to offer financial aid to other Arab governments, there are rumors of serious squabbles between King Fahd and Crown Prince Abdullah. In Lebanon, the threat of fighting between the Israelis and the Syrians grows greater as the Syrians, emboldened by their Soviet armor, find ways to block the Israeli-Lebanese accord.

So far, nobody has offered much of a plan to meet these challenges or cut these risks. Last week U.S. Envoy Morris Draper paraphrased the late United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld in saying that the U.S. joined with Lebanon and Israel "in looking to the far horizon." As it happens, nobody in the region, including the signatories to last week's agreement, seems to be able to see more than a dozen steps ahead. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by David Halevy/Jerusalem and Roberto Suro/Beirut*

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BRITAIN

Oof! Pow! Bam! Thwack!

The gloves come off as Campaign '83 starts fast and ugly

As the rolling, majestic cadences of *Rule Britannia* sounded in London's packed Conservative Party headquarters, a confident Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, 57, strode to the podium to fire the first official salvo in Britain's surprise 1983 election campaign. Flanked by Cabinet ministers, beneath a bright blue banner proclaiming the new Tory slogan BRITAIN STRONG AND FREE, Thatcher lost no time—and squandered no politesse—in proclaiming her determination to "ensure that Britain remains a steadfast ally in an uncertain world." She unveiled a manifesto that would further toughen Tory policies on trade unionism, denationalization of state-run industries and big-city metropolitan councils. In so doing, Thatcher drew the battle lines with the opposition Labor Party in the bleakest terms. "The choice before the nation is stark," she intoned, "either to continue our present progress toward recovery or to follow policies more extreme and more damaging than those ever put forward by any previous opposition."

The confident incumbent: Thatcher

While the Tory campaign machinery hummed into action, opposition candidates took to the hustings to mount fiery attacks of their own. Before a half-filled house at Glasgow's cavernous Apollo Theater, Labor Party Leader Michael Foot, 69, lashed out at the Prime Minister's economic policies. "Thatcherism is the most appalling economic mess in generations!" he shouted. "The industrial destruction she has inflicted upon this country is even worse than Hitler's bombings." Campaigning in the economically depressed West Midlands, Deputy Labor Party Leader Denis Healey discovered a mechanical crab at a street market and held it up before TV cameras. "It moves sideways and evades your every instruction," he joked. "I'm going to call it Sir Geoffrey Howe." That swipe at Thatcher's Chancellor of the Exchequer made the evening news programs. Said Healey: "Margaret Thatcher has turned the Tory Party into her personal dictatorship."

The embattled challenger: Foot

Even Social Democratic Party Leader Roy Jenkins, who would become Prime Minister in the unlikely event of a victory by the centrist S.D.P./Liberal Alliance, dropped his usually temperate mien to blast Thatcher. Jenkins acidly compared her new Tory manifesto to Field Marshal Douglas Haig's message after the disastrous Battle of the Somme in 1916: "Ground gained negligible, casualties intolerable, but press on."

With those stinging volleys,

The wild card: Alliance Leaders Roy Jenkins and David Steel

Britain's brief election season opened on a decidedly contentious note. The harsh rhetoric was hardly surprising. Thatcher's decision to cut short her five-year term and call elections for June 9 was calculated to take advantage of disarray within the Labor Party and exploit the image of Foot as an ineffectual leader. With the inflation rate hovering at 4%, down from a high of 22% in 1980, Thatcher gambled that British voters would not want to risk jeopardizing an economic recovery, or Britain's commitment to a strong nuclear defense, by electing a Labor government committed to what she considers the dangerously quixotic schemes of Labor's left wing. The Labor manifesto, written by the party's left over the opposition of moderates, calls for a huge jobs-creation program, a ban on nuclear weapons, and withdrawal from the European Community. Thatcher's bet seemed safe: last week's Market and Opinion Research International (MORI) poll showed the Tories with 46% of the vote, Labor with 37% and the Alliance with 16%. Thatcher's margin over Labor was down 6 percentage points from the previous week's MORI poll, but London bookmakers were still giving 7-to-1 odds that the Prime Minister would be re-elected.

Despite Thatcher's lead, the four-week campaign, coming at a time of record postwar unemployment of 13.6%, promises to be the most volatile and divisive in decades. Foot's reception in industrial centers such as Glasgow and Liverpool heartened Labor strategists. When he took aim at one of Thatcher's strongest electoral assets, the memory of her conduct of the Falklands war, by accusing her of "exploiting the deaths of young men who died in the Falklands," he drew thunderous applause. "Get her out, Michael!" shouted a young worker in Blackburn. Predicted Labor M.P. Eric Heffer: "This is going to be a dirty election."

In her opening press conference, Thatcher acknowledged that the high level of joblessness was her "most intractable" problem. She insisted that the "answer is not bogus social contracts and government overspending," but a resolve "to keep inflation down and offer real incentive for private enterprise." According to most public opinion polls, voters blame unemployment more on the worldwide recession than on the Thatcher government's fiscal policies.

The Prime Minister also renewed her pledge to control inflation, cut income taxes and maintain Britain's membership in the European Community. Any attempt to pull out of the Community, she said, would "put at risk millions of jobs." Thatcher promised to denationalize such major government-owned companies as British Airways, Rolls-Royce and British Telecom. She

made it equally plain that a new Thatcher government would stand by its commitment to improve Britain's nuclear deterrent by buying U.S.-built, submarine-launched Trident missiles and would continue to support the planned deployment of U.S. cruise missiles at the British bases at Greenham Common and Molesworth.

Thatcher aimed her sharpest thrusts at the heart of the Labor Party, the trade unions. She pledged to "bring democracy to the shop-floor workers" by introducing legislation that would require union leaders to stand for re-election every five years and call strikes only by secret ballot. The proposals represent a direct challenge to entrenched left-wing leaders who have dominated the labor movement recently.

At each stop last week, Foot and other Labor officials hammered away at their only potent issue: the Thatcher record on unemployment. The party's first ten-minute televised campaign message effectively focused on the plight of young jobless workers. The centerpiece of the Labor campaign is a five-year crash program to create 2.5 million new jobs, mainly by diverting some $17 billion now spent on unemployment benefits and tax-revenue losses. Other savings, according to the Labor platform, would come from scrapping the Thatcher government's planned $15 billion Trident missile program.

A week into the campaign, the major unknown remained the role of the S.D.P./Liberal Alliance. Although it has lost ground in the past year, its candidates struck out at both Foot and Thatcher in an attempt to carve out a middle ground between the two sharply polarized major parties. Campaigning last week in Glasgow, Jenkins and Liberal Party Leader David Steel held an innovative public question-and-answer session in Partick Burgh Hall. Steel, a tireless campaigner, views the snap election as a rare opportunity to boost his party's status with the electorate. Conservative campaign advisers have feared that the Alliance might do well enough to drain off Tory votes and deny Thatcher outright victory.

That is unlikely. The Prime Minister's austerity policies, and her determination not to compromise them even in the face of deep suffering in the work force, may be liabilities at the polls next month. But they pale in comparison with Foot's failure to control the left wing of his party and his unwillingness to step down in favor of the more popular and dynamic Healey. Wrote London *Sunday Times* Political Editor Hugo Young: "About Labor there is the stench of something close to death. The rot of self-doubt, even of self-ridicule, has set in." He added, "The vote will be negative as well as positive: anti-Foot as well as pro-Thatcher." For that matter, some of the vote will also be anti-Thatcher. The Prime Minister's bid for a second term may seem assured, but the surly, divisive campaign that precedes it will not make it all that easy for the winner to govern. ***—By Russ Hoyle. Reported by Bonnie Angelo and Frank Melville/London***

THE ALLIANCE

More Options

A push for conventional weapons

From the very beginning of the cold war, Western military planners have been preoccupied by a single goal in case of war: keeping columns of Soviet tanks and troops from reaching the heart of Europe. When the U.S. held a decisive nuclear edge, NATO threats to use battlefield nukes against the Warsaw Pact's numerically superior armies were a very effective deterrent. But the Soviets continued to strengthen both their nuclear and their conventional forces. As a result, Europeans began to be concerned that the U.S. would not use its nuclear arms to defend the Continent, for fear of provoking a Soviet counterattack against American cities. Last week, after 18 months of research, 27 prominent U.S. and European defense specialists issued the 260-page Report of the European Security Study, which attempts to rethink NATO strategy in the light of the Soviet buildup.* Their conclusion: the alliance must increase both the quality and the quantity of its conventional forces in Europe.

The notion that NATO should rely less on nuclear arms and more on conventional weapons is not new. NATO Commander Bernard W. Rogers has been conducting a virtual one-man crusade to encourage alliance members to strengthen their conventional forces. Among prominent Europeans who agree with Rogers: West German Defense Minister Manfred Wörner. Last week U.S. Under Secretary of Defense Richard DeLauer gave the Reagan Administration's stamp of approval to the European Security Study's report. Said he: "We support it 100%."

The report acknowledges European fears that a nuclear exchange on the battlefield could not be limited and would quickly turn into a continent-wide holocaust. It suggests that a buildup of conventional forces is a credible alternative because it would provide NATO commanders with a greater range of options for checking a Soviet advance, thus making the use of nuclear weapons less likely. To repel the first invasion forces in a Warsaw Pact blitzkrieg across Central Europe, the committee of strategists urged NATO to acquire more sophisticated ground- and air-launched conventional missile systems that could be targeted at Soviet bloc artillery. The alliance should also develop new surveillance technology that would greatly decrease the chance of a surprise attack. It should then be prepared to cripple enemy airpower by a massive counterattack on Warsaw Pact airbases. To check the enemy's second wave, Western forces would have to destroy logistic chokepoints such as bridges and ammunition depots. These goals would be supplemented by efforts to disrupt Warsaw Pact communications electronically and to defend NATO command centers from comparable enemy efforts.

The report urges alliance members to exploit the latest technology in carrying out this strategy. The type of innovations the contributors have in mind: clusters of bombs that are drawn to a target by the heat that it emits, and new airborne surveillance systems that can instantaneously transmit information and even television pictures of troop movements to commanders in the field.

The authors stress the need to continue U.S.-Soviet arms talks, even if the report's recommendations are put into effect. They estimate the total bill for a strengthened conventional defense system at $20 billion over the next decade, plus or minus 50%. To pay for it, NATO's European members would have to increase defense spending, in real terms, by 4% annually. They are currently pledged to a 3% rise each year, and they are not likely to embrace the new figure soon. ■

Show of conventional force: a U.S.-made M1 tank on maneuvers in West Germany

Finding ways to keep columns of Soviet tanks and troops from reaching Europe's heart.

*Among the authors, former Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy, Britain's Lord Carver, onetime chief of the defense staff, Oxford Professor Michael E. Howard

The body of Grzegorz Przemyk is borne through a crowd in Warsaw displaying victory symbol

POLAND

Young Martyr

More opposition to Jaruzelski

"Every death is painful, but this one is especially brutal. It will not be forgotten." As the telegram from Lech Walesa, founder of the outlawed independent trade union Solidarity, was read, a hush fell over the mourners who had gathered in Warsaw's St. Stanislaw Kostka Roman Catholic Church last week. Then they burst into applause. The funeral was for Grzegorz Przemyk, 19, a high school senior who died of injuries received from a severe beating by Polish militiamen. His death quickly became a rallying cause for Poles who hate the regime of General Wojciech Jaruzelski.

In one of the largest public gatherings since martial law was imposed 17 months ago, nearly 60,000 people thronged the church for the funeral services and joined in the hour-long procession to the cemetery. Fastened to the front of the casket was a red-and-white Solidarity banner. At the graveside, mourners tossed flowers on the casket and then raised their fingers in the V sign that has become the symbol of Polish resistance to authorities. Many wiped away tears as Przemyk's teacher declared: "Greg, I regret that I didn't have time to prepare you for the brutality of life before it struck you in such a cruel way."

The youth had gone with friends to a winery in Warsaw's Old Town to celebrate, following a school examination. When they came out, they were stopped by a militia patrol. Przemyk was seized and severely beaten. An official statement later said he had been involved in a drunken brawl and had to be "forcibly calmed" when the militiamen took him to a first-aid station. Przemyk's friends denied the charge. Przemyk died two days later, after undergoing emergency surgery. In an emotional letter to Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Rakowski, Poet Wiktor Woroszylski wrote that "the surgeons who opened up the boy's abdomen had nothing more to do: inside was a bleeding pulp." He added that the doctors emerging from the operating room were weeping. Underground leaders of Solidarity issued a statement calling Przemyk a victim of "paid militia torturers."

Przemyk was the son of Barbara Sadowska, a poet who had been briefly interned after the imposition of martial law in December 1981. She later became active in a committee set up by Poland's Primate, Cardinal Jozef Glemp, to assist martial law prisoners and their families. Earlier this month, she was one of several people beaten when hoodlums invaded the committee's offices in a Warsaw convent; she suffered bruises and a broken finger when she was hit with a chair. Four other workers were dragged to a truck and later dumped in a suburban forest.

Police kept discreetly out of sight during the funeral. At the service, the priests who were officiating cautioned mourners not to chant or give any pretext for disturbances during the procession. But the public outpouring of grief over the youth's death dealt another blow to Jaruzelski's regime, which has claimed that Poland's internal situation is slowly returning to normal. Infighting between moderates and hard-liners within the Polish Communist Party has become intense, and there are indications that pro-Soviet factions are trying to force the government to cancel the Pope's visit, scheduled for June 16-23. The government-controlled press, meanwhile, continued a vitriolic campaign against Walesa. The official press agency P.A.P. distributed an article charging that Walesa had aligned himself with the Solidarity underground and was "no longer credible." ■

SOUTH AFRICA

Lost Weekend

Pretoria blast kills 17

Like government workers around the world, civil servants in South Africa's administrative capital of Pretoria try to get an early start on the weekend. By 4 o'clock last Friday, the streets near the South African air force headquarters were crowded with black commuters waiting for rides out of the city and white shoppers doing last minute errands on their way home. Suddenly, at 4:28 p.m., a blue Alfa Romeo parked in front of the Nedbank Square shopping arcade exploded, ripping through the building like a can opener and flattening parking meters and lampposts. The blast, thought to be the worst incident of urban terrorism in South African history, killed at least 17 people and injured almost 200 others. Said a stunned eyewitness: "The whole scene, with dead and dying in the street, looked like a battlefield."

In a grim announcement to Parliament, Defense Minister General Magnus Malan described the bombing as "a cowardly deed in the Communist war being waged against South Africa." At week's end no organization had claimed responsibility for the explosion, but South African officials blamed the outlawed African National Congress (A.N.C.), an antiapartheid group that has launched such attacks on urban centers. In the past, the A.N.C. has chosen symbolic targets of white rule, such as police stations and government buildings, but has apparently tried to avoid the random killing of civilians.

The Pretoria bombing was certain to stiffen white opposition to sharing power. Some South Africans even suspected that the attack might have been the work of an extreme right-wing group intent on sabotaging Prime Minister P.W. Botha's efforts to introduce constitutional reforms that would give limited voting rights to Asians and coloreds. Malan warned the nation to be on guard for more urban violence. Said he: "War does not start and finish at the country's borders." ■

Aiding a victim of the bomb blast

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Once upon a time the former colony of Dutch Guiana seemed to be an enchanted tropical paradise. Its gentle, unusually tolerant mélange of Creole, Indian, Chinese and Javanese inhabitants were blessed with rich farming lands, rivers teeming with fish and one of the world's largest bauxite-producing economies. Upon Suriname's independence in 1975, the Dutch promised a generous allowance of $100 million annually for 15 years, giving the newly formed nation one of the highest per capita incomes in the developing world ($2,500). One in every three citizens owned a car; living rooms were stocked with video recorders. When the police shot a demonstrator during an isolated outburst ten years ago, flowers were sent to the entire community.

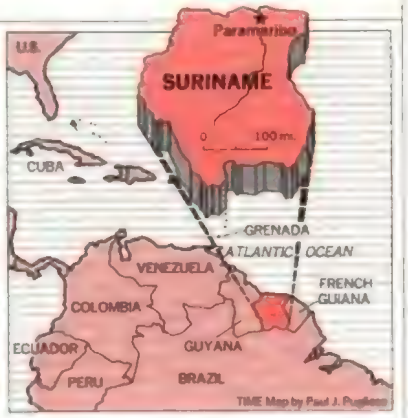
But the fairy tale has become a horror story. Plainclothes police "watchdogs" arrest citizens at random. The university has been closed, along with all but the state-controlled press. Radio stations and trade union headquarters have been blown to rubble; nearly all of the country's commissioned officers have resigned or been dismissed. Says one of the few locals unafraid to talk: "People are terrified and suspicious of informers everywhere."

The idyl was shattered one evening last December, when Revolutionary Leader Desi Bouterse ordered the arrest of 16 of the country's most prominent citizens, including lawyers, journalists and labor leaders. The next morning all but one of them were dead. Doctors later found evidence of knife wounds and cigarette burns on the corpses; teeth and jaws had been broken, while arms had been almost torn from their sockets. Labor Leader Cyril Daal had been ritually castrated. Bouterse, 37, who reportedly killed two of the men, joyfully proclaimed "the building of a new Suriname." But his 350,000 citizens were less sanguine. Over the past five months, 1,000 have fled; those who remain are subdued. Says one exile: "Suriname has been transformed into a country of mutes."

Bouterse had stumbled into power in 1980. As a physical-education instructor fighting for the military's right to form a union, he managed almost inadvertently to overthrow the democratically elected, but divisive, government of Henk Arron. At first, the new regime was so diffident that it hung up a suggestion box soliciting advice on how to run the country, and Bouterse, its popular and athletic leader, even resolved to complete his high school education. Only much later was it discovered that one of his tutors had become his mistress and was schooling him in the writings of Lenin and Marx.

Ironically, Bouterse was initially so suspicious of the left that he expelled a Cuban diplomat suspected of subversive plotting and imprisoned a radical activist for meeting Cuban leaders in Nicaragua. But with the encouragement of Grenada's Prime Minister Maurice Bishop, who had led a Marxist coup on his nearby Caribbean island in 1979, Bouterse drifted gradually leftward. Soon he was visiting Fidel Castro, singing his praises and allowing the Soviets and Cubans to open well-staffed embassies in the riverfront capital of Paramaribo. Nevertheless, Bouterse's revolutionary fervor remained relatively lackadaisical: he never bothered to nationalize private enterprises or muzzle frequent criticism from the press.

During his first three years in office, the former national marathon champion survived four civilian governments and an estimated six attempted coups. Last October a coalition of lawyers, workers, students and clergymen opposed to Bouterse's increasingly autocratic rule embarrassingly incapacitated the nation during a state visit by Grenada's Bishop. Only 1,500 people showed up for a public appearance by Bishop, while a demonstration organized by Labor Leader Daal at the same hour drew 15,000. "Your government is too friendly to its enemies," Bishop publicly counseled Bouterse. "You must eliminate them or they will eliminate you." Within six weeks Bouterse had moved against his "enemies." Then he arrested his closest ally, Roy Horb, who was later found hanging in his cell.



Under the baleful influence of Bouterse, inset, the streets of Paramaribo are subdued

Strikes, arrests and executions have transformed a charmed fairy tale into a nightmare.

Suriname's leader remains perplexingly changeable. The "Cuban sympathizer" he once arrested is now his Minister for Mass Mobilization. Moreover, a Bouterse emissary admitted to TIME that the government has made some costly errors. "It is not enough to make decrees from the top, even if it is in the people's interests," he said. Then he added darkly, "We don't want to kill anybody, but we don't want to sit in a chair and be killed."

After the December slaughter, Washington retracted its planned $1.5 million in aid and The Netherlands withdrew its subsidy, which amounted to a fourth of Suriname's budget. Unemployment now runs at around 10%, and the country's estimated foreign reserves of $120 million are falling rapidly. Moreover, as head of the country's angry exile community (180,000 in The Netherlands alone), former Prime Minister Henk Chin A Sen is mobilizing diplomatic support from his bases in The Netherlands and the U.S. Last week he published Horb's eyewitness account of the executions. Bouterse may nonetheless launch another brutal purge while some 1,000 exiled military men may yet galvanize a disgruntled populace into another coup. But no one can be sure that a change of power would restore democracy or prosperity to Suriname. As Chin A Sen says, "We don't want to replace Frankenstein with Dracula." —*By Pico Iyer. Reported by William McWhirter/Paramaribo*

NORTH KOREA

Inside the Hermit Kingdom

A rare glimpse into a solitary, single-minded nation

Only last month North Korea brusquely rejected the latest call for bilateral talks with its U.S.-supported neighbor, South Korea. That gesture was characteristic of one of the most self-enclosed and xenophobic Communist countries in the world. North Korea has, however, opened its doors to a rarely admitted visitor, a reporter from a U.S. news organization. TIME's *Peking Bureau Chief, David Aikman, sent this report:*

There are only two ways to enter North Korea by commercial airliner: from China and from the Soviet Union. The symbolism is apt. For the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, as it is called, most closely resembles the China of the late 1960s or the Soviet Union of Joseph Stalin. North Korea's President Kim Il Sung, 71, is in fact the last surviving Communist leader installed by Stalin, and commands an idolatry that borders on the pathological.

The cult of Kim's personality dominates the capital, Pyongyang (pop. 1.8 million). With its broad streets, tree-lined parks and bucolic riverbanks, the city is in many respects attractive. But virtually all its public buildings are monumental paeans in stone to the "Great Leader," constructed in a style that might be called Marxist Triumphalism. Dominating the skyline is the Tower of the Juche Idea, a 561-ft. stone column topped by a 66-ft. torch that glows at night. Across the Taedong River is the 600-room Grand People's Study Hall, a new national library. Near by is the Arch of Triumph, a 198-ft. marble landmark that comfortably straddles a five-lane avenue.

Despite such public grandeur, the modern nation of 20 million strikingly conforms to Korea's ancient reputation as the "Hermit Kingdom." Though the library boasts a capacity of 30 million volumes, it has only four listings under "United States," the most recent a 1975 edition of *U.S. Pharmacoepia*. No foreign publications are on sale in Pyongyang. And at the Potonggang, the capital's newest hotel, foreigners are kept under almost constant surveillance.

This isolation is doubtless intensified by the lunatic extremes of the Kim cult and the Juche Idea, a somewhat opaque notion that stresses that the masses are the agents of revolution and man is master of everything. The result is government by total mobilization. Kindergarten children march, singing, to school; construction workers march, singing, to work. The Muscovite subway stations, all marble and murals, offer glass-framed copies of the party daily, *Rodong Sinmun*, on every platform. Meanwhile, at the Mansudae Art Theater, a multimillion-dollar showpiece groaning with chandeliers, the revolutionary opera *Song of Paradise* climaxes with the cast, assembled before a huge red sun, singing, "His grateful love has given us eternal life/ We shall relate his everlasting love from age to age."

Many of the encomiums heaped upon Kim Il Sung are, in any language, indecipherable gobbledygook. *Korea Today*, a monthly propaganda magazine, published this sentence: "His unexcelled prodigious wisdom ... cyclopaedic knowledge of nature and society, clairvoyant scientific insight with which to perceive clearly the essence of inextricably entangled phenomena and ability to compress aspirations of millions of people in a simple proposition ... are his distinguished qualities with which to conduct ideo-theoretical activities." Moreover, North Korean officials steadfastly assert that the world looks to Pyongyang for inspiration and that the government's paid propaganda advertisements in Western newspapers constitute editorial acclaim for the Great Leader. "Korea," observed one high-level official, "is the freest country in the world."

The government has made some attempts to broaden its international links, sending military advisers to such countries as Libya, Syria and Zimbabwe. It has gained useful mileage from the tours of its daring and innovative acrobats. On occasion, it has even invited small groups of American academics and congressional officials to visit.

Yet all is not happy on the international front. North Korea has defaulted on several foreign loans and arbitrarily rescheduled others, piling up an overseas debt of more than $2 billion. In addition, the country's foreign envoys have occasionally been caught cheating. Last month Yu Jae Han, North Korea's Ambassador to Finland, was expelled for trying to bribe the former Speaker of Finland's parliament. Other North Korean diplomats in recent years have been ejected from Denmark, Sweden and Norway for attempting to sell drugs, cigarettes and liquor on the black market.

North Korea reserves its special loathing, however, for the U.S. and South Korea. Americans are portrayed as demonic war criminals bent on enslaving the Korean people. Although U.S. analysts suspect that China is counseling Pyongyang against aggression, North Korea's tough and well-equipped armed forces (at 750,000 strong, the world's fifth largest) are highly visible and heavily indoctrinated. Among their articles of faith: South Korea longs to be "liberated," and the U.S. and South Korea are preparing to invade the North.

Signs of an all-Korea détente that first emerged with the joint North-South agreement of 1972 have long since evaporated. Recent South Korean suggestions of renewed negotiations were, snarled a North Korean radio broadcast last month, "nothing but a dog barking at the moon." Pyongyang currently aims to create a "Democratic Confederal Republic of Koryŏ." As preconditions to further talks, however, it demands complete U.S. withdrawal from the peninsula and the overthrow of the present South Korean government.

Ordinary North Koreans seem afraid to express any views, however orthodox, on such matters. They make do on an average salary of $41 a month, most of which goes for food (a raincoat costs around $32 and a black-and-white TV $160). Rents are negligible or nonexistent. Consumer goods are generally drab and in short supply. Only imported Volvos, Toyotas and Mercedes racing through the quiet streets suggest a world of plenty beyond the walls of Kim Il Sung's socialist fortress. But North Koreans do not publicly acknowledge that possibility. As one movie commentary put it, "Now where can you find such a paradise, good for people to live in?" ■

KUBOTA—MAGNUM

Kim Il Sung's troops duly celebrate his 70th birthday

Commanding an idolatry that borders on the pathological.

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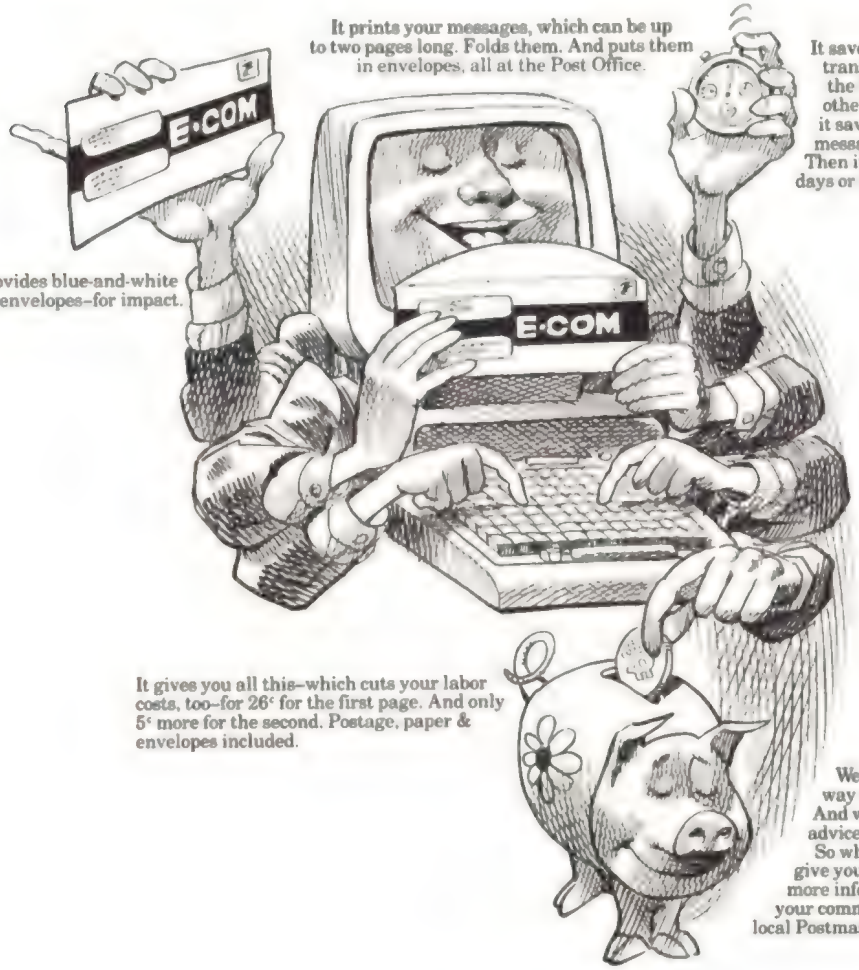

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A Major *Mea Culpa* from *Stern*

Bitter staffers compel an editor's ouster and an unusual exposé

The cover image was *Stern* at its low-down best: a man in a black gangster-style fedora aiming a gun out toward the reader. Inside the West German photoweekly was a pulse-quickening tale of intrigue: clandestine meetings of unrepentant Nazis, secret trips across a Communist border, bags of money tossed from one speeding car to another. What made *Stern's* investigation so notable, however, was that the magazine exposed its own management's gullibility in what it labeled "the biggest flop of German press history": the purchase, for $3.8 million, and publication of forged diaries purportedly written by Adolf Hitler.

The cover headlines read, THE FORGERY: KONRAD KUJAU, THE MAN WHO DELIVERED "HITLER'S DIARIES." The menacing photo was of Kujau, 44, an East German émigré and a Stuttgart-based dealer in documents and military memorabilia who sold the diaries to *Stern* and is suspected of having forged them. The story of his bizarre behavior, and of the Keystone Kops–style thriller that he enacted with the magazine's go-between, Reporter Gerd Heidemann, may have left readers asking how Heidemann, and his free-spending *Stern* supervisors, could have been fooled by anyone so preposterous. Kujau, who since the 1960s had used the alias Fischer, often strutted around Stuttgart in a Nazi SS officer's uniform, although he was a boy of six when Hitler's Third Reich fell in 1945. He gave lavish parties for fellow patrons of his favorite bars: *Stern* reported that one night he ordered 70 bottles of champagne, and that over the past two years he squandered 1.5 million marks ($600,000) on night life.

When he met Heidemann, 51, Kujau claimed to have access to 27 Hitler diaries for sale at 80,000 marks ($33,000) each; after Heidemann and *Stern* proved enthusiastic, Kujau upped his claim to 69 diaries and the price to 200,000 marks. To the delight of Heidemann, a lover of melodramatic quests, three batches of diaries were delivered to him inside East Germany. While driving on a highway leading to West Berlin, Heidemann would, according to his story, toss a package of marks worth more than $100,000 into a passing car; someone in that car would then throw a packet of diaries.

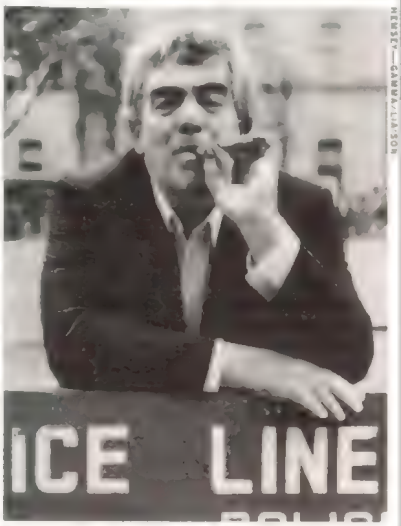
Stern did not name any potential accomplices to Kujau or sources for the assertions in the diaries. The magazine quietly dropped its claims that East German officials had conspired in the fakery. Kujau, who is currently jailed in Hamburg on a charge of fraud, still insists that the diaries are genuine. But *Stern* last week took a sample of writing by Kujau, who is a calligrapher, and a selection of the diaries to a professor who specializes in detecting forgeries; he concluded that they probably came from the same hand.

Stern's pell-mell pursuit of the Hitler "scoop" was not resoundingly justified at newsstands. The first diaries issue, April 25, though promoted as containing some of the most titillating items, sold 2 million copies, about 300,000 more than usual.

The magazine's humiliating exposé was accompanied by a self-critical apology to readers from Publisher Henri Nannen, who the week before had blamed Heidemann and all but disavowed responsibility. Nannen, who founded the magazine in 1948, wrote, in the Latin once used by Roman Catholics in confessing their sins, *"Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa"* (my fault, my grievous fault). He explained the management's collective lapse of judgment as the product of "a bunker mentality." The magazine's renewed coverage of an episode that Nannen had hoped to forget was in fact forced by embittered employees, who for six days symbolically occupied *Stern's* editorial offices. The protest compelled Nannen to drop a newly named co-editor from outside the magazine, Business Journalist Johannes Gross, whom staffers labeled too conservative, and to pledge that the magazine would continue in a "progressive-liberal" (actually, left-wing) tradition of journalism. Other publications hailed, as a "first in German journalistic history," the rights that *Stern* staffers had won. But *Stern's* employees declared that ending the sit-in was only a "cease-fire" in a battle to exact retribution for the diaries fiasco. ■

Cover of the self-critical issue

At the end of the trail, a preposterous Nazi.



Combative columnist: toe to toe, belly to belly

Blue . . . and Red

Breslin has the police smoking

Columnist Jimmy Breslin of the New York *Daily News* and the stereotypical New York City policeman have much in common: both are Irish Catholic, beefy, outspoken and known to take a drop. Usually relations between the commentator and the constabulary have been fraternal. Last week, however, Breslin had the boys in blue seeing red. In denouncing the dismissal of a policewoman who posed nude for a skin magazine before becoming an officer, Breslin accused the police department of a double standard. "Wallowing in filthy sex" is common among officers, he charged.

To prove it, Breslin volunteered himself as "assistant keeper of morals" to help "investigate sex in the police department." Breslin's sarcastic column ran on the same page as a report on the firing of two officers for allegedly raping and sodomizing a prostitute. Bellowing back, the police union, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, put its money where its mouth was: it spent $16,240 for a full-page ad in the *Daily News* (circ. 1.5 million) lambasting Breslin as "the old Saloon Philosopher." Said the ad, signed by P.B.A. President Phil Caruso: "The most astounding thing about the Breslin column was that the *Daily News* printed it without first smelling Breslin's breath."

Breslin gleefully renewed the attack the next day, demanding a 5% commission from the *News* for inducing the P.B.A. to take out an ad. *News* Editor James Wieghart said no, and made it clear that he did not endorse the columns. Said Wieghart: "You have to give columnists leeway, but if I were Breslin, I would be embarrassed." ■

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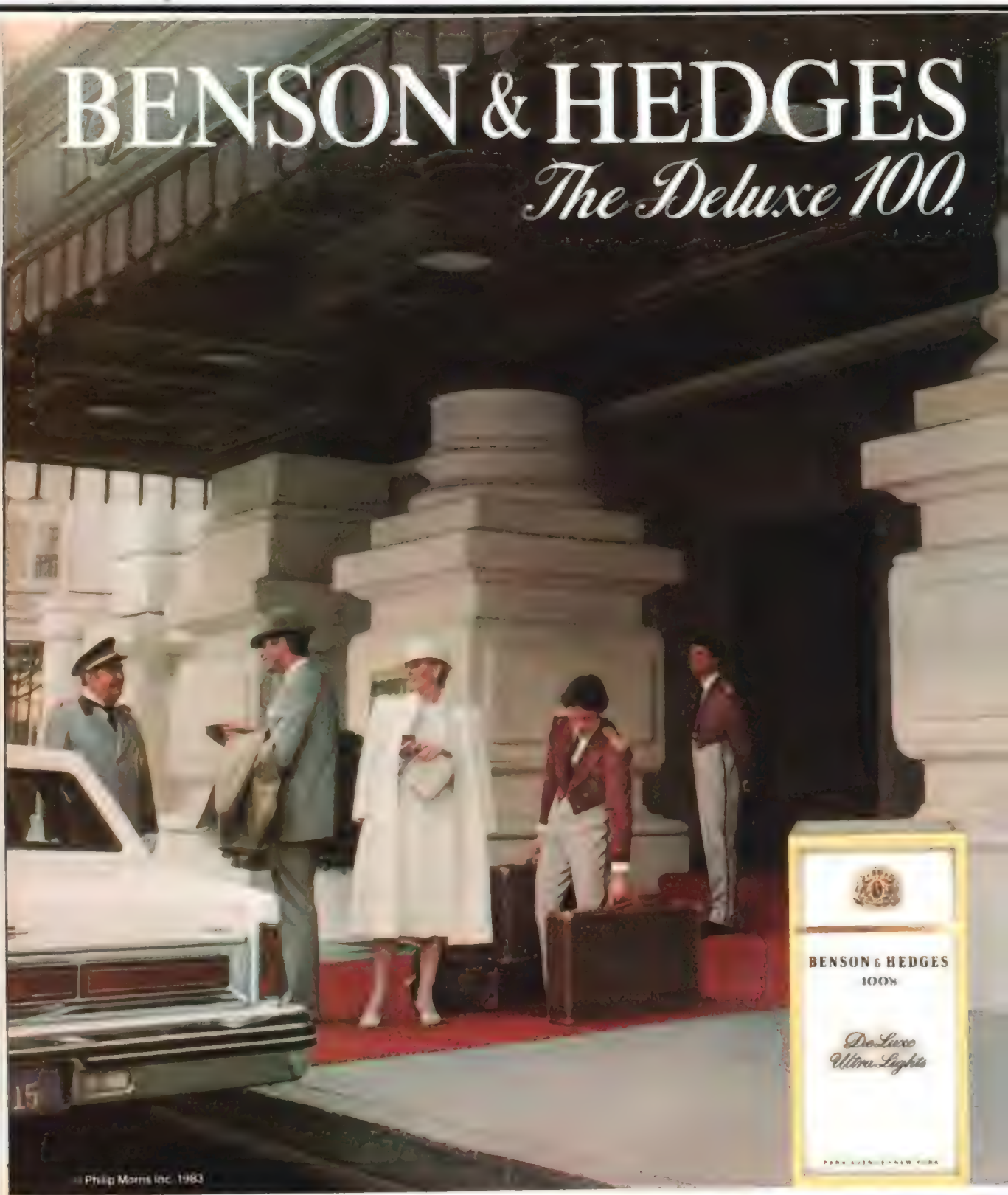

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Bones, Baseball and Evolution

Stephen Jay Gould turns a musty discipline into a joy

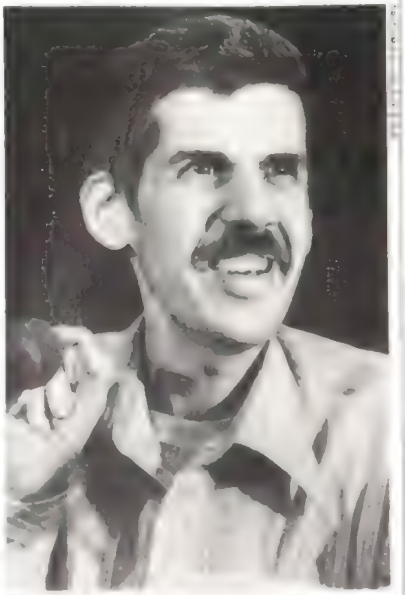
Why should the layman be interested in so esoteric a subject as evolutionary biology? It is a question that Paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould has heard before. But as he sits in his cluttered office, amid the assorted books, charts and fossil remains that are the very sinew of his profession, he smiles tolerantly. "Why?" he asks. "Because it tells us where we came from, how we got here, and perhaps where we are going. Quite simply, it is science's version of *Roots*, except it is the story of all of us."

No one has done better at telling that story in recent years than Gould. At 41, in lectures and writings, on television and even in the courtroom, this gifted Harvard scholar has managed to turn a musty, bone-littered, backbiting discipline into the most exciting of sciences. Like his friend Carl Sagan, he has become a superstar of science. "Only Carl," Gould insists, "cuts a better figure on the tube."

Few writers, in or out of science, shape a better written line. In three popular books, to say nothing of several scientific ones, he has shown that he can bat out complex ideas with all the grace of his childhood hero, Joe DiMaggio. His writings have won a cluster of honors, including a 1981 American Book Award for his collection of essays, *The Panda's Thumb*, and a 1981 National Book Critics Circle Award for *The Mismeasure of Man*. His latest chrestomathy reaffirms Gould's position alongside Physician-Essayist Lewis Thomas as an indispensable bridge between the "two cultures."

Like its predecessors, *Hen's Teeth and Horse's Toes* (Norton; $15.50) is a banquet of anecdotes, insights and revelations on natural history. The 30 essays range from a humorous discourse on the shrinking size of the Hershey bar to the woeful tale of male anglerfish that attach themselves for life to a female of the species and become little more than "a penis with a heart." He tackles such perennial barroom brain twisters as whether the zebra's stripes are white on black or black on white (his answer: the latter). He provides refreshing new studies of some of the founding fathers of geology and paleontology, including Nicolaus Steno, James Hutton and Louis Agassiz. He even takes time out to discourse on an evolutionary oddity called atavism: the inexplicable reappearance of long-lost characteristics in a species, like extra toes in horses and teeth in chicken.

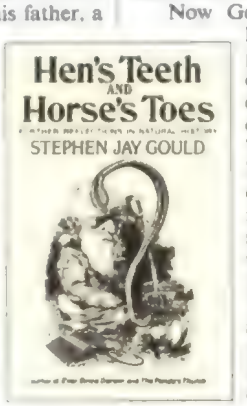
If Gould has an eye for the unusual, indeed the bizarre, it is because, as he notes, "small items with big implications are my bread and butter." A confessed iconoclast, he likes nothing better than to take aim at major targets. Gould links that saintly man of the cloth and science, Jesuit Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, to the infamous Piltdown hoax (the faked fossil, says Gould, was apparently a youthful prank by Teilhard), and displays irreverence for even his great hero Charles Darwin. Says Gould: "If I have one special ability, it is as a tangential thinker. I can make unusual connections."



Paleontologist Gould makes a point

It all started with Tyrannosaurus rex.

At age five, as a youngster in New York City, he was taken by his father, a court stenographer ("There were no college professors in my family"), to the hall of dinosaurs in the American Museum of Natural History. There he glimpsed *Tyrannosaurus rex* and vowed to become a paleontologist. Six years later, he was confirmed in his choice after he read George Gaylord Simpson's *The Meaning of Evolution*. While his understanding of the text was admittedly dim, he realized that this "body of exciting ideas made sense of all those bodies of bone."



Attending Antioch College in Ohio, he juggled courses in geology, biology and philosophy. He also honed his sense of social injustice, developing leftist political views. Back in New York, he began graduate studies at Columbia and a doctoral thesis on the evolution of the Bahamian land snail, a small, inconsequential creature that he still studies because, he says, no one can develop a real feel for nature without probing the nitty-gritty. Gould explains: "Aristotle dissected squids and proclaimed the world's eternity, and Darwin wrote four volumes on barnacles and one on the origin of species."

Gould's own major evolutionary idea, developed with Niles Eldredge of the American Museum and announced in 1972, put him sharply at odds with prevailing Darwinian orthodoxy. They argued that evolution moves not with geological slowness, as Darwin had insisted, but in abrupt fits and starts, interspersed with long periods of no change in species. Gould has also outspokenly opposed IQ tests ("They reinforce existing prejudices") and sociobiology, which holds that human behavior is determined by the genes ("influenced perhaps, but hardly controlled"). In 1974 he was invited to write a column for *Natural History*, the monthly magazine of the American Museum, and he has been at it ever since. Only a few weeks ago, he pounded out his 103rd piece on a 1920s Smith-Corona.

Gould's finest hour came in 1981 when he appeared in an Arkansas courtroom in a modern rerun of the 1925 Scopes "monkey" trial. His testimony helped persuade the judge to throw out a law that required the teaching in the state's public schools of Creationism, which maintains that the account in *Genesis* of the origin of life is literally true, and that evolution is only a "theory." To which Gould retorts: "Nonsense. Evolution is as real as gravity. Whether you believe in Newton's, Einstein's or someone else's explanation of it, the fact is that the apple still falls." For his role in this battle, Gould was chosen as DISCOVER magazine's 1981 Scientist of the Year.

Now Gould has another fight on his hands. During a routine physical last year, doctors discovered mesothelioma, an ordinarily deadly form of cancer linked to asbestos. The disease has apparently been arrested by surgery and chemotherapy, but the treatment has drained Gould of strength and weight. Still, with the encouragement of his wife Deborah, an illustrator, and two sons, Jesse, 13, and Ethan, 9, he courageously continues to write and teach "as if nothing were changed." He has also retained his playfulness. When friends wondered why he was wearing a hat (it was to hide hair loss from chemotherapy), the nonbeliever insisted solemnly that he was turning back to the Jewish orthodoxy of his forefathers.

—By Frederic Golden

The Nuclear Issue Gets Personal

Britain's papal nuncio says a peace priest may be a Soviet dupe

Disarm, cried a cleric called Kent.
The same message nice Andropov sent
Just lay down your arms.
Embrace Socialist charms.
Then wonder where your freedom went

Delivering that limerick in the House of Commons, Conservative M.P. Robert Adley last month twitted a Roman Catholic priest who particularly nettles the Tories: Monsignor Bruce Kent, 53, the tireless general secretary of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, Britain's most important peace group.

Kent's advocacy of unilateral nuclear disarmament by Britain has touched off a controversy among the nation's Catholics about the proper approach of the church to nuclear arms policy. Kent's main ecclesiastical opponent is Archbishop Bruno Heim, Pro-Nuncio (ambassador) of the Holy See to Britain, who is strongly opposed to unilateral disarmament. In an amazingly candid letter to several British Catholics, which quickly became public, Heim suggested that the monsignor might be either an "idiot" or a conscious agent of Soviet designs.

Monsignor Bruce Kent

Pro-Nuncio Bruno Heim

The sharply polarized views of the two clerics are the latest, and certainly the most dramatic, signs of the growing Catholic debate on nuclear morality. Three weeks ago, the U.S. hierarchy issued a pastoral letter that challenges Administration policy by calling for a halt to the production and deployment of nuclear weapons. West European bishops have been more cautious in their antinuclear pronouncements.

Sharpening the debate in Britain is the fact that the views of Kent and the C.N.D. have become explicitly political issues; they parallel those of the Labor Party in its fight against Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives in the June 9 national election. Although the C.N.D. insists that it is nonpartisan, British Defense Minister Michael Heseltine has written to Conservative candidates in marginal constituencies warning that the C.N.D. is out to defeat them.

A lieutenant in a tank regiment before he entered the priesthood, the Oxford-educated Kent

became head of the C.N.D. in 1980. He led a drive that has expanded the membership from 3,000 to 50,000—in addition, there are at least 200,000 politically active sympathizers—and mobilized effective mass demonstrations against the Bomb. Last month C.N.D. members and their allies held hands to form a 14-mile chain between Greenham Common in Berkshire, where the first U.S. cruise missiles are scheduled to be installed later this year, and Burghfield, site of Britain's nuclear warhead factory.

Kent is opposed to the cruise missiles because "their accuracy is high and their destabilizing effect on arms agreement is very great." He also contends that the Trident missiles that Britain is obtaining from the U.S. for its submarines "take us to the edge of fear of first strike." Kent wants Britain to get rid of both its nuclear weapons and the U.S. bases, no matter what the U.S.S.R. does in terms of its nuclear weapons. Says he: "We are not waiting for the Soviets to reciprocate." As to which superpower had made the most constructive proposals in the current nuclear arms talks, Kent said last week, "I have the greater sympathy for the Soviet position than for the U.S. position."

George Basil Cardinal Hume

Kent's arguments have angered many conservative British Catholics, who have protested to Archbishop Heim. He responded with a May 4 letter that was soon leaked to the press. Writing on his own and not at the Vatican's instruction, Heim stated that he favors multilateral and verifiable disarmament, and regards unilateral disarmament proposals as "mistaken." He also quoted Pope John Paul's qualified acceptance of nuclear deterrence if nations worked for disarmament. "Unilateralists are carrying out a one-sided campaign," Heim wrote, "and it is clear which side it benefits most." He continued, "Whether those doing so are consciously sharing the Soviet aggressiveness and ideology or belong to the well-known useful idiots or, again, are blinkered idealists would have to be judged in individual cases, even in that of Bruce Kent."

Caught in the middle of the dispute is Kent's religious superior, George Basil Cardinal Hume, the Archbishop of Westminster. He gave Kent permission to run the C.N.D., although its activities have clearly had a political impact; Kent's position could be construed to be against the wishes of the Pope, who has warned Catholic clergy to avoid direct involvement in politics. In mid-April, Hume listed the reasons he agreed to let Kent run C.N.D.: 1) disarmament is a moral issue and Kent considered it to be a ministry; 2) the C.N.D., in the Cardinal's view, is more educational than political; 3) Kent did not claim to be an official church spokesman. "Should the political aspects of C.N.D. develop further and become predominant in its work," Hume wrote, "it would be difficult for a priest to hold responsible office" and a lay leader would be more suitable. He added that "recent developments" had caused him "serious misgivings" and that he was monitoring the problem.

Hume, however, clearly felt that Heim's attack on Kent went too far. The Cardinal made a point of appearing publicly with the monsignor and expressed his personal regard for the priest's integrity. The Cardinal's office also declared, "We are reaffirming the church's permission to allow Monsignor Kent to continue his work with C.N.D." At week's end it appeared that the Pro-Nuncio's attack had succeeded not so much in clarifying church teaching as in provoking Hume to back the monsignor's antinuclear ministry, at least until the elections are over. *—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Arthur White/London*

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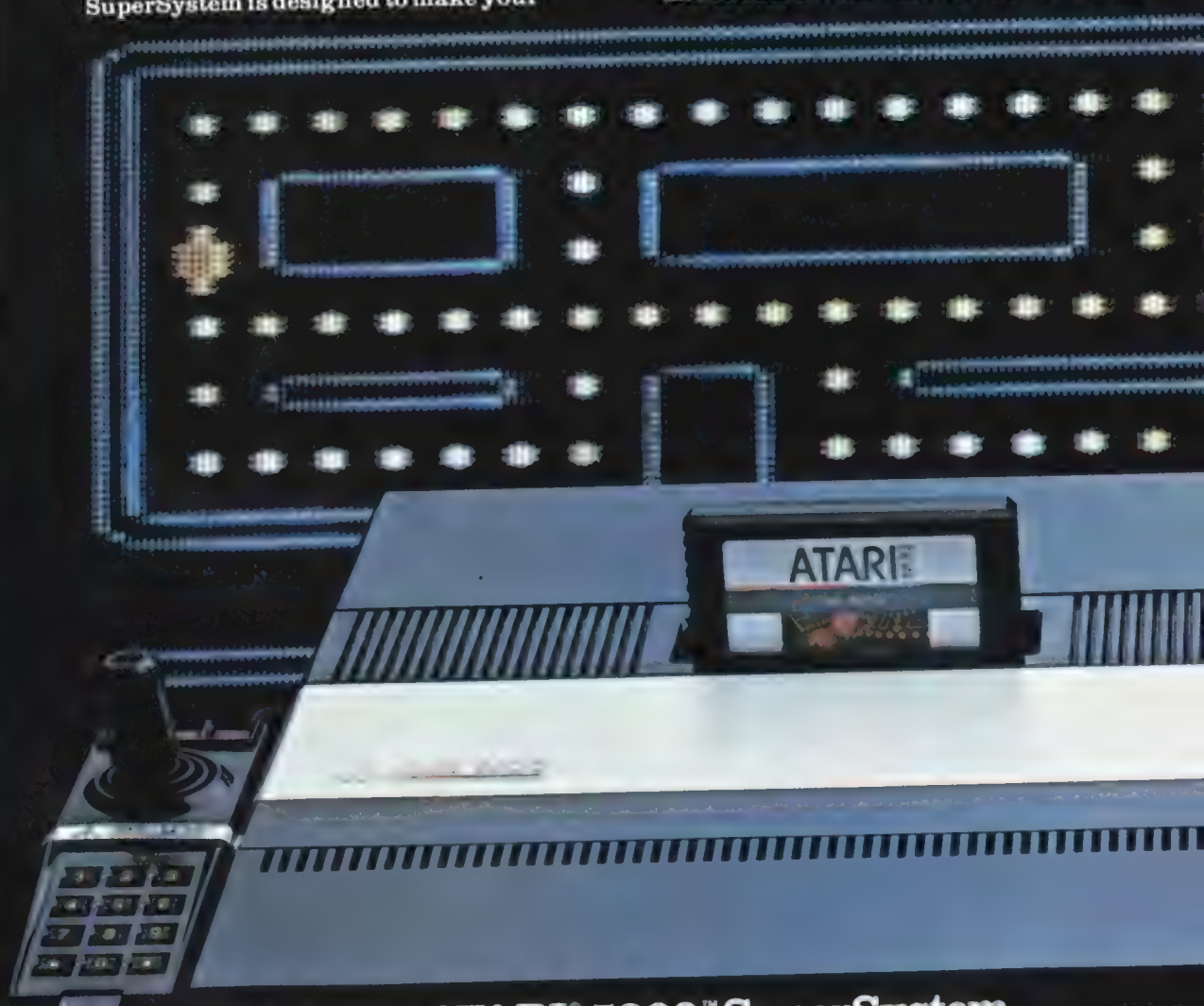

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Bring Back the Parasol

That healthy-looking bronze tan may lead to skin cancer

With summer just around the corner, the pale of face throughout the Northern Hemisphere will soon be hitting beaches in pursuit of a deep, dark and sexy tan. The Victorian ideal of delicate, camellia-white skin has long since been supplanted by the bronzed-god look. But the trend has taken a mortal toll. Sun-related skin cancer is rapidly on the rise in the U.S. and Europe, and afflicting younger and younger people. The incidence of the most lethal form, malignant melanoma, though less directly linked to sunshine, has jumped tenfold in the past 20 years. Last week some 300 dermatologists and others gathered in Manhattan to discuss the problem at the first World Congress on Cancers of the Skin. Their message: bring back the parasol.

Doctors have long known that ultraviolet (UV) radiation from the sun produces profound changes in human skin. "Even one day's exposure can cause damage," says Dermatologist Fred Urbach of Temple University in Philadelphia. The most insidious rays are the short wave-length UVB, which prevail during the peak sun hours (between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.). But new research has shown that even longer UVA waves, which are present all day, can promote skin cancer.

The damage caused by these invisible rays ranges from ordinary sunburn, to the wrinkles and liver spots caused by years of sunbathing, to the precancerous dark patches known as actinic keratosis and, finally, cancer. Each of these is part of the same process, says Urbach. "First you look old, then if you've had a lot more sun, you get keratosis, and after that skin cancer. If we all lived long enough, we would all get skin cancer."

The process begins when solar UV damages basal cells near the surface of the skin, causing them to swell. The pain and redness, which appear a few hours after exposure, are caused by the dilation of blood vessels in the damaged area. The ensuing tan is the body's desperate effort to save its skin from further injury. Tiny granules of melanin, a brownish pigment made in specialized skin cells, rise to the surface in response to UV radiation and act as sunlight deflectors. Over the years, however, the beachgoer pays for this glamorous natural shield. The buildup of melanin, combined with UV damage to the elastic fibers in underlying layers, gives the skin the texture of an old baseball mitt.

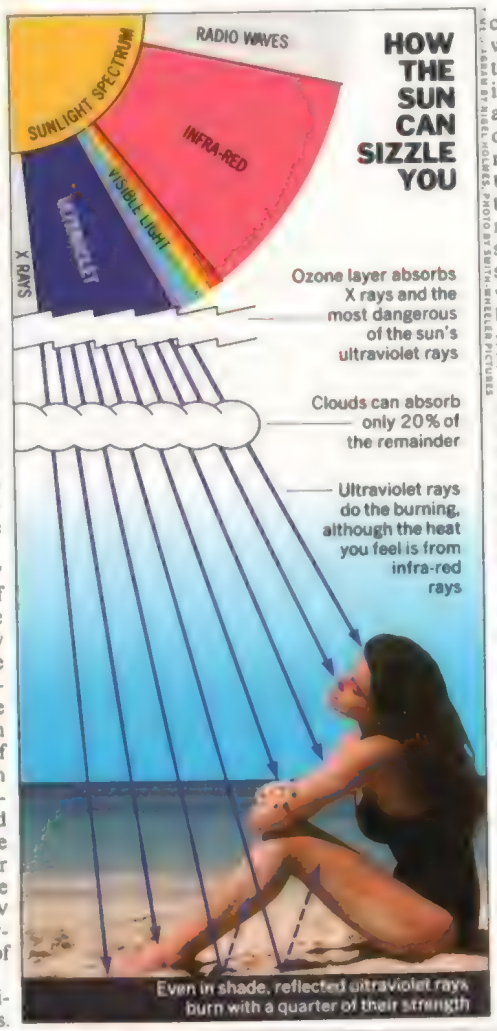
Ultraviolet radiation has less obvious but even more pernicious effects. By altering proteins in the lens of the eye, it causes a gradual deposit of yellowish pigment. As with the tan, this pigmentation is beneficial up to a point; it helps shield the delicate retina from UV damage. But the dense accumulation of pigment after years of sunning is the main cause of cataracts.

Like X rays, UV radiation can alter cell DNA, producing the mutations associated with cancer. "Both UVA and UVB are carcinogenic," says Harvard Photobiologist Madhu Pathak. UV also appears to suppress the body's immune system. This may explain why certain viral infections, such as chicken pox and fever blisters, become more severe in the sun. And since the immune system is believed to play a role in preventing tumor growth, its suppression "may also be an aggravating factor in the development of skin cancer," says Dr. Margaret Kripke of the National Cancer Institute.

About 80% of the skin cancers caused by the sun are basal-cell carcinoma. Usually occurring on the head or neck, they are the most common and curable form of cancer in the U.S. Nancy Reagan was one of 400,000 Americans treated for this disease last year; she has more recently had several spots of keratosis removed from her face to prevent a recurrence. Skin cancers that appear elsewhere on the body are usually squamous-cell carcinoma, also easily cured by surgery.

Far more lethal are the darkly pigmented spots of malignant melanoma, which strikes more than 15,000 Americans a year, killing 45% of them. Though melanoma tends to occur on such sun-exposed areas as the chests of men and legs of women, its relationship to the sun remains unclear. A history of severe sunburns may play a role; pregnancy and birth control pills have also been implicated.

The evils of ultraviolet are easily escaped. Mrs. Reagan had the right idea when she resolved last New Year's Day to stay out of the sun. For those unwilling to make that sacrifice, the doctors at last week's conference urged the use of sunscreen lotions, some of which are now formulated to block both UVA and UVB. The Food and Drug Administration has published guidelines recommending a sunscreen of certain strength for each type of skin. For fair-skinned people who never tan and always burn (Type I skin), sunscreens labeled with the number 15 are best. The number indicates that it will take at least 15 times longer to burn when the product is used than when the skin is unprotected. People who sometimes burn and never tan should use sunscreens in the 6-to-8 range; those who occasionally burn but tan well need only 4-to-8 protection; olive-complected Type IVs, who never get scorched, can manage with a factor of 2 to 4. In the future, however, a sunscreen pill being developed in Pathak's lab may make the lotions obsolete.



A number of doctors at the conference urged year-round use of sunscreens; several admitted they had rubbed some on that morning, even though they would be indoors most of the day. But the most urgent and unanimous recommendation was to protect the skin of young children. Though skin cancer may not show up until age 50, the initial damage is done in early childhood, says Dermatologist Isaac Willis of Morehouse School of Medicine in Atlanta. Indeed, most of a lifetime's sun exposure takes place by age 30. By the time wrinkles appear, the damage is done. —*By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Mary Carpenter/New York*

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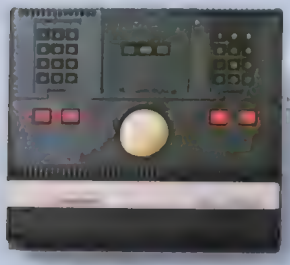

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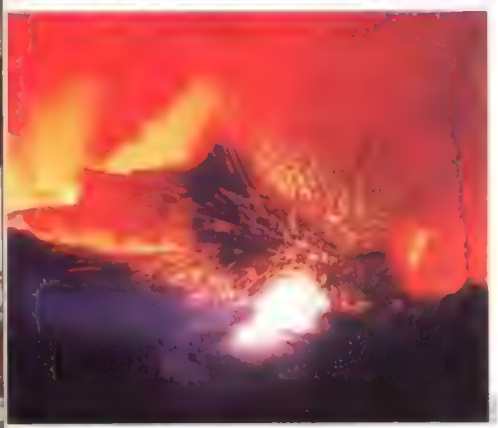

Environment

Challenging Mount Etna's Power

Three precision blasts combat a raging river of lava

The people on Sicily's east coast have always lived uneasily in the shadow of Mount Etna, which has erupted 22 times in the past 75 years. Two months ago, Europe's tallest active volcano (10,700 ft.) awoke once again. Down its south face surged a molten ribbon of lava that destroyed a dozen buildings and more than 370 acres of fields and forests, causing millions of dollars' worth of damage.

In an effort to divert the magma, Italy's minister of civil protection summoned a team of volcanologists. The strategy: to redirect the lava from its southward path into a wide hollow, away from inhabited areas. The specialists hoped that spreading the lava would speed its cooling, and thus slow the momentum of the flow. The diversion required the removal of a 25-ft. section in a 328-ft.-long natural wall of old lava, and was to be accomplished by precision blasting.

The man in charge of the detonation attempt, the first of its kind in Italy, was Rolf Lennart Abersten, 46, a Swedish engineer who has worked in Milan as an explosives specialist for the past eleven years. The temperature of lava sometimes reaches some 1800° F; to prevent the heat from setting off the charges, Abersten and his associates devised an ingenious protective system. It called for installation of four rows of steel tubes in the west side of the old lava wall (lava from the eruption was moving along the wall's east side). Each of the metal tubes contained three channels. One channel was filled with dynamite and water. To keep the explosives cool, air was pumped into the second channel and water into the third.

Unfortunately, before the explosives were ready for detonation, the flowing lava slopped over the wall and temporarily clogged some of the tubes; that added a great deal of new weight to the wall, as well as considerable heat. Abersten could not use the bottom row of explosives because they had become too hot, despite their protective coverings. The total force of the charges dropped from 1,102 lbs. to 881 lbs.

On the morning of May 14, a series of red, white and green celebratory flares shot into the sooty sky above the site. A military bugler tooted a few short notes. Then came the first blast, shaking nearby sandbagged bunkers, where dozens of journalists and officials huddled. It was followed by a second blast, and a third. A portion of the wall crumbled. Some flaming lava poured down the new channel and into the depression, but much of the lava continued down the old path. Only a portion of the molten rock had been diverted. Within four days, the artificial channel had dried up completely.

The volcano last week showed contempt for those trying to conquer its fireworks: it released a poisonous cloud that swept workers from its slopes, showered gray ash on the nearby town of Giarre and sent a new river of lava toward the Rifugio di Sapienza, a tourist shelter it had damaged earlier in the spring. Engineer Abersten, weary but unbowed, warned that another precision blast would be required to make the diversion an unqualified success. Said he: "I don't want to be defeated by Etna." ■

Scientists and engineers confront a volcano: Etna's discharge forms strands of fire, top; inspecting the dynamite tubes, upper left; Abersten's diversionary explosion, middle; lava fills the artificial channel, bottom

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Example: Behind the factory walls, a Mercedes-Benz test driver hurtles a 300D at frightful speed through a labyrinth of zigzag pylon curves. Frolic is not on his mind. He is demonstrating that the suspension system of the 3,585-lb. sedan is tight and firm enough to handle the sudden, heart-in-the-mouth evasive moves that every driver sooner or later confronts.

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Dear Dad: Send Lots of Money

Fees for next year are soaring at public and private colleges

As this year's graduating college seniors struggle to find jobs in a tight market, students who will be returning to campus in the fall face financial problems of their own: soaring costs. Next year the total bill (tuition, room, board and assorted incidentals) for a year at a private college is expected to jump as much as 12%, from an average of $7,475 to more than $8,300; the average cost of attending a four-year state school could rise from $4,388 to nearly $4,800.

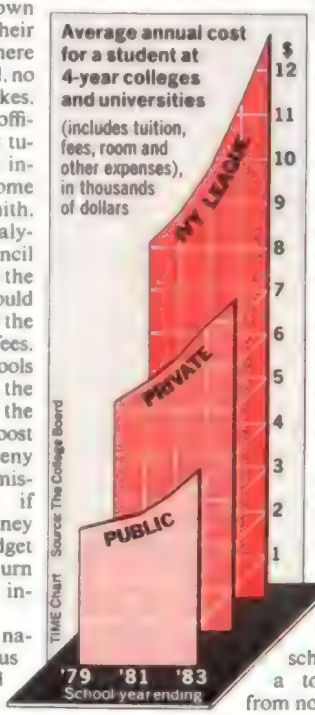
Why are many of these institutions raising their fees at a clip greater than the 3.9% inflation rate of 1982? For one thing, private colleges depend on tuition for more than half their income. During the past decade, even when inflation hit its peak of 13.3% in 1979, most schools hesitated to boost fees at the same rate to cover costs that were climbing as well. As a result, faculty raises lagged and colleges deferred maintenance. Moreover, Government research grants, which help sustain 50 to 60 of the larger universities, private as well as public, have leveled off in the Reagan years while costs continue to rise. Says William McNamara, director of communications at the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities (NAICU): "There finally came a time when holding back was no longer possible."

The need for steep increases at the smaller, less well-known private schools worries their administrators. While there will always be a Harvard, no matter how high the stakes, many private-school officials realize that higher tuition could allow state institutions to siphon some students away. Pat Smith, director of legislative analysis at the American Council on Education, notes that the small private schools "could price themselves out of the market." The rise in fees, however, puts these schools in a catch-22 situation: the more tuitions go up, the more they have to boost scholarship funds, or deny admission to some promising candidates. But if they spend more money on scholarships, the budget goes up, and that in turn forces an additional increase in tuitions.

Still, many of the nation's most prestigious schools are determined to find financial aid for qualified needy students. Says Stanford's Raymond Bacchetti, director of university budgets: "We don't want Stanford to become an institution where somebody's socioeconomic status determines whether he can afford to be here."

Next fall Stanford will be increasing its tuition, room and board by 9.3%, to nearly $13,000. As a group, the Ivy League schools will remain the costliest in the country. Yale will jump 10.1% to $12,980, Princeton 12.6% to $12,910, and Columbia College anticipates a 12% boost to $12,750. Harvard will increase its tab by merely 8.7%, its lowest rise in four years. Even at $13,150, Harvard will not reign as the most expensive university in the U.S. Two that are costlier: Bennington College ($13,510) and M.I.T. ($13,480).

State-supported universities have an additional worry about the economic pinch: shrinking allotments from their legislatures, which provide nearly half of the income of these institutions. To bridge the financial gap, they too are raising tuitions. The University of Michigan increased its bill by 15% for the current year, charging $1,976 for in-state freshmen and sophomores. The University of California system expects to raise its fees about 10%, to nearly $1,300. And the huge State University of New York (SUNY), the nation's largest university system (380,000 students on 64 campuses), also proposes to hike undergraduate tuition by 28%, to $1,350. Ohio State University is faced with a problem of its own. Earlier this year, Ohio Governor Richard Celeste slashed the state's education budget, thus reducing funds to the university by almost 9% from 1982. Moreover, the step comes at a particularly awkward time: OSU plans to curb its enrollment, which for the past seven years has been above the state-ordered ceiling.



The forecast by academic experts for the near future is just as dismal. They predict double-digit tuition hikes for the next year or two for private colleges. Says John Phillips, NAICU president: "We're looking at a year of schooling costing, on average, a total of $9,000 two years from now." ■

The philosopher after receiving his diploma

Never Too Late

Adler finally gets his B.A.

A master of the Socratic method, he has taught at Columbia University and the University of Chicago. He is chairman of the board of editors for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and the author of 30 books. His newest: *How to Speak / How to Listen*. With Educator Robert Maynard Hutchins, he compiled the Great Books of the Western World, 54 volumes of the world's classics. Last year he published *The Paideia Proposal*, a manifesto to reform U.S. primary and secondary education by instituting a standard and much more demanding curriculum. When he led the procession to Columbia College's commencement last week, however, the scholar was not there to give the main address. Mortimer Adler, still formidably active at 80, was getting the bachelor of arts degree he was denied in 1923 because he had cut gym classes and could not pass the swimming test.

Although Adler earned a Columbia Ph.D. in 1928, he was delighted when Columbia offered to waive the swimming requirement and gave him a belated B.A. (Adler was later given a pair of red swimming trunks by longtime friends Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lauder. Lauder and Adler are on the board of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies.) Acknowledging that it was odd to get a B.A. 55 years after his Ph.D., Adler called the bachelor's a higher degree, "signifying a start in the process of becoming an educated person."

That left another gap in Adler's set of academic credentials. He had quit DeWitt Clinton High School in The Bronx before getting a diploma. Late last week the school's alumni association offered to make him an honorary graduate. ■

A Boom in Mushrooms

The once lowly Morchella *is a culinary Cinderella*

The prisoner on death row was asked what he would like for his last meal. "A wild-mushroom omelet," he said. "I never had the courage to try one before."

Like the condemned man of the anecdote, most Americans still recoil instinctively from any kind of mushroom that is not snow white, cellophane wrapped and supermarket sanitized. In the past few years, however, the succulent edible fungi that grow wild for the picking in almost every part of the country have found ever increasing acceptance in restaurant and home menus. At Dean & DeLuca, a Manhattan gourmet emporium that sells up to 100 lbs. of fresh domestic wild mushrooms a week, Produce Purchasing Manager Lee Grimsbo notes, "People are beginning to think of them as a cooking item rather than something exotic." Patrick Terrail, owner of Hollywood's Ma Maison restaurant, had been importing dried mushrooms before he discovered that fresh morels, chanterelles, cèpes and other varieties can all be found in the U.S. Says Terrail: "Mushrooms are just beginning to become a craze."

None of this is news to folks in Midwestern and Western states, where the wild fungus, once derided as a "toadstool," is hunted with passion. Last week the season for morels, considered by many connoisseurs to be the tastiest of all, was coming to its peak in Mesick, Mich. (pop. 373), which calls itself "the Mushroom Capital" and counts among its landmarks the Mushroom Cap Motel and the Mush-Room Bar; despite heavy rain, a 30-minute parade swept Miss Mesick Mushroom and her court to fungoid fame.

Entrants in the contest for the largest morel came from as far away as South Carolina. The sport is often known as "rooming" or "shrooming"; one ace picker is Jim Goodwin, 45, a construction worker from West Liberty, Ohio, who snapped up 150 morels in a few hours. A novice might be wary of the poisonous cap. However, experts say that *Morchella esculenta* or the five or six other varieties of the most sought after morels can be clearly identified by their pitted, spongy caps and attached hollow stems. Chilly weather this spring has driven morel prices to $12.50 per lb.

Dana Shaler, who has won several contests, offers his services as a guide to would-be mushroom hunters. He can get $200 for a day and a half in the woods, plus a $100 bonus if the pickings are good. More and more city slickers are joining mycological societies in order to stalk their own wild mushrooms with experts

Hunting for morels in Mesick woods; prize-winning fungus; cluster *au naturel*

There are almost as many ways to cook morels as there are toadstools in the forest. In Mesick and other Midwestern towns, people simply dip them in flour or cracker crumbs and fry them. Many restaurants, like Manhattan's Four Seasons and Le Français, in Wheeling, Ill., use them as garnishes for meat and game or in a cream sauce. Owner-Author George Lang of Manhattan's Café des Artistes insists on serving them as a separate course, sautéed in olive oil or butter: "They are too precious to use as a vegetable."

The U.S., which has imported most of its wild mushrooms from Europe, will show off its own fungi for European statesmen at the economic summit this weekend at Williamsburg, Va. Their five meals will be based entirely on American ingredients and recipes. New York *Times* Food Writer Craig Claiborne (*A Feast Made for Laughter*), the man of all seasonings who was asked by the White House to organize the menus, has concocted a dish of boneless chicken legs and thighs stuffed with chopped chicken liver, wild rice and morels sautéed in butter. The mushrooms may even come from Mesick. ■

Lord Yank

Debrett's *ranks the U.S.*

"Aristocrat," as used by Americans about Americans, may be the most abused word in American English. This could be the main dilemma facing the redoubtable chronicler of Britain's titled nobility, *Debrett's Peerage*, which has set out to publish a ten-volume series on the American aristocracy. *Debrett's* editor, Martin Stansfeld, an untitled Scot who attended Eton and Oxford and whose family "goes back to the Normans," explains that the series will concentrate on "the glittering star system of America's social leadership."

In the case of the first volume, *Debrett's Texas Peerage* (Coward-McCann; $24.95), this means pretty much the landed and oiled gentry; there are more than 100 families in this category in Texas with a net worth of $30 million or more each. *Debrett's* aristocrats are selected by Georgia Author Hugh Best (*Red Hot & Blue*). The largest landholders of this pride of peers, the King-Kleberg clan, at one point owned 13 million acres around the world, though, as Nelson Bunker Hunt observed, "a billion dollars isn't what it used to be." Among other renowned Texas aristocrats: Fort Worth's Perry Richardson Bass and Son Sid, and Houston's Roy Cullen III, oilmen; and Dallas' William Walter Caruth and Fort Worth's Anne Windfohr Phillips, landowners.

After *Texas*, to be published in November, will come *Debrett's Old South Peerage* in spring 1985 and its *California Peerage* that fall. New York gets its treatment in 1986, to be followed the next year by a volume for Boston and most of the New England area. The entire series is to be completed in 1990, by which time the ranks of American "patricianhood" (Stansfeld's term) will doubtless have expanded to fit legions of new peers. Judging from the Texas volume, many of those elevated have ancestors of no greater moral ignobility than most of the milords listed in *Debrett's* (British) *Peerage*. ■

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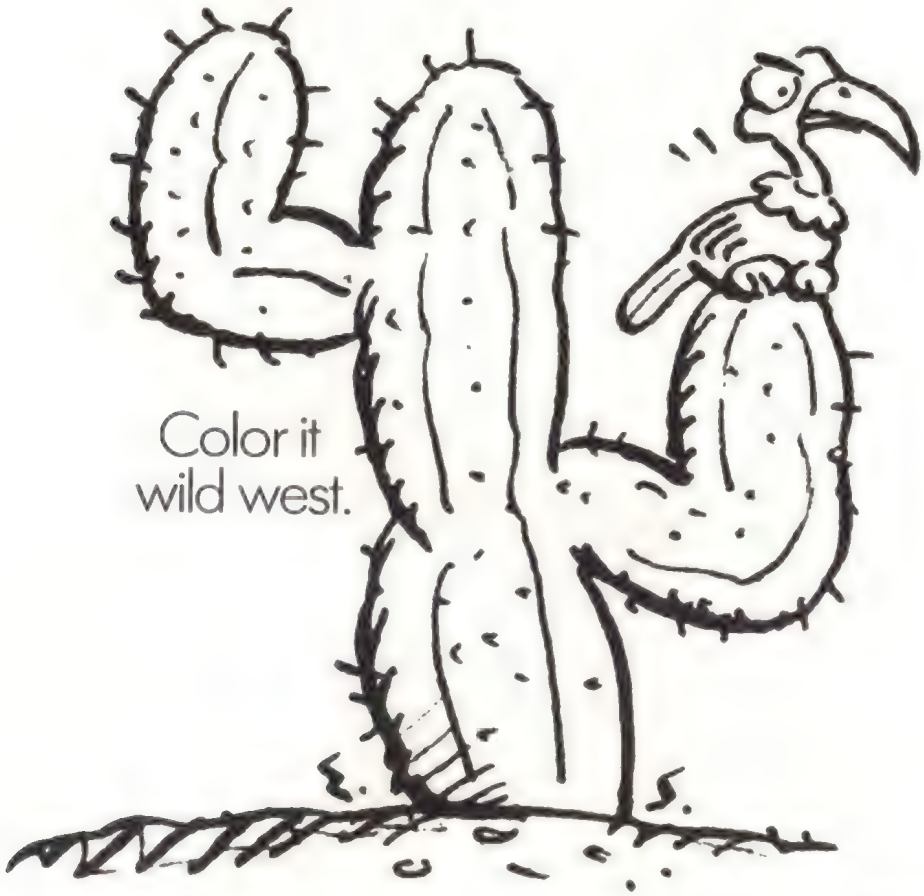

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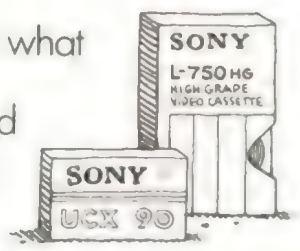


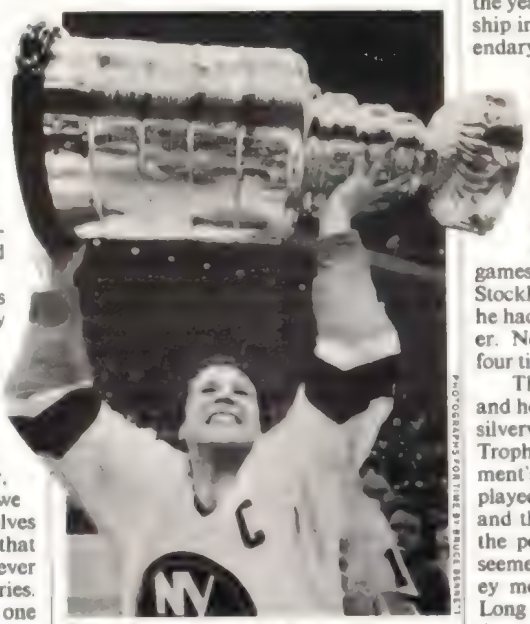
SONY.

Putting Four Cups on Ice

The wonderful Islanders and their wanton goalie

The confrontation last week between hockey's sublime player and supreme team went emphatically to the team, the predominant team of any sport now, the New York Islanders. Just as they have overpowered the National Hockey League for four years running, the Islanders overwhelmed the Edmonton Oilers in a four-game final, sweeping Edmonton's freewheeling speed skaters and humbling "the Great Gretzky."

After scoring 71 goals in 80 games during the season, Wayne Gretzky scored none against the Islanders, though he assisted on four of the total six goals begrudged by New York's grouchy goaltender, Billy Smith. In the first game, Smith confounded the Oilers, 2-0. "When we didn't score," said Winger Mark Messier, "and didn't score, and didn't score, we got to pressing. We were never ourselves after that." Wanly, Gretzky called that first game "maybe the best loss we ever had," or ever would have in the series. The central figure throughout, for one reason or another, was Smith.



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY BRUCE BENNETT

Captain Potvin hoists the Stanley Cup

Goaltender Smith celebrates his leading role

Smith is 32, the second oldest of the still youthful Islanders, a last remnant of the expansion draft that stocked the franchise eleven years ago. He can recall mean times and does so nostalgically. "One problem with playing on a winner," sighs Smith, "is you can't go out and just hammer somebody. It might cost you the game." Nevertheless, he went out and just hammered Gretzky in Game 2, which the Islanders won 6-3. There followed a bit of spearing and slashing, a good deal of cursing and crying, and two more New York victories, 5-1 and 4-2. This hockey ugliness was distracting, because the Islanders in the main are attractive champions

They were constructed from the beginning by General Manager Bill Torrey, along with Coach Al Arbour for the past ten years, to be rugged enough to stand up to the Philadelphia Flyers, scourges of the Patrick Division. But the Islanders throw their weight around reluctantly. Clark Gillies, a 6-ft. 3-in., 214-lb. Gary Cooper type from Moose Jaw, Sask., throttles troublemakers almost regretfully. Mike Bossy, New York's most prolific scorer, expressly refuses to fight. They put people in mind of the Montreal Canadiens, the only other team that has ever won four straight Stanley Cups (1976-79). In fact, the Canadiens also won five (1956-60). "The Flyers banged and bruised their way to the Cup," says Bob Bourne, the Islanders' left wing. "We've won it with a style somewhere between Philadelphia and Montreal, a team known for skating."

Montreal's demise is marked not by the year of the Canadiens' last championship in 1979 but by the retirement of legendary General Manager Sam Pollock the season before. Torrey, bow-tied and bespectacled, cuts that sort of figure now. During the Islanders' impoverished years, when their teen-age draft choices were always exchangeable for veteran castoffs, Torrey's patience formed the foundation of a castle. That dismal first season (just twelve victories in 78 games), a 20-year-old right wing born in Stockholm, Sweden, was so clumsy that he had to be tutored by a lady figure skater. Now Bob Nystrom's name appears four times on Lord Stanley's Cup.

Throughout the final playoff, the Cup and hockey's entire cupboard of hallowed silverware (including the Conn Smythe Trophy, Smith's award as the tournament's Most Valuable Player) were displayed in hotel lobbies first at one venue and then the other. In Edmonton, Alta., the people who visited the Stanley Cup seemed to be on a pilgrimage. What hockey means to Canadians, the citizens of Long Island can only imagine. If some Americans are similarly moved, there are evidently not enough of them, at least in the opinion of the U.S. television networks, to justify showing the best of this game nationally. The Cup stays in suburban New York, but the game resides in Canada.

Islander players inspire themselves by pointing out how much more celebrated the Oilers are in Canada or even the Rangers are in New York City. The Islanders are unspoiled because nobody spoils them. This season, when they posted only the sixth best record of the 21 teams in the league, self-satisfaction was said to have caught up with them, and there is probably something to that. "We had some injuries, and Philadelphia had a great year and deserved to finish first in the division," says Bryan Trottier, the Islanders' splendid center. But he also thinks there was less incentive to dominate during the season. "Our incentive is the Cup," says Trottier, who has literally slept with the Stanley Cup, a silver bundling board cuddled between him and his wife. (Every player gets to take it home once.) "We're the best who ever skated," Denis Potvin, the captain, proclaimed after touring the ice with the Cup aloft in that lovely ceremony. But the term dynasty was not on the lips of the players. "I still don't like that word—dynasty," said Bourne. "Four Cups. If we can win five, six, then . . ."

—By Tom Callahan

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Equitable	21	15	16	22
John Hancock	16	8	10	15
Massachusetts Mutual	12	7	6	12
Metropolitan	47	24	41	56
New England Life	34	26	27	34
New York Life	31	11	17	30
Phoenix Mutual	12	15	21	23
Prudential	50	41	52	54

Source: Best's Review, November, 1982.

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A good gig: with Cheryl Tiegs, Brooke Shields, Ann Jillian and Christie Brinkley at the taping of this week's NBC special

The All-American Wisecracker

Leading with his chin, Hope celebrates his 80th birthday

In its sheer vastness and excess, **Bob Hope's** three-year-old, 25,000-sq.-ft. home in Palm Springs, Calif., is not the gesture of an old man content to dwell quietly among yesterday's memories. Climbing the cascade of black marble stairs under the house's wide-vaulting arch, a visitor might be on some gigantic Academy Awards set, a gleaming desert mirage. Actually, the place is a kind of hotel. Even when the owner is on the road, friends check in for a few days. On this afternoon, however, the sound of Crosby-esque bubabooing from another room indicates that the host is at home.

In he strides, wearing golf shirt and cardigan, wildly checked pink and green slacks and white lounging loafers. Forget the puffy, propped-up television image. On the eve of his 80th birthday, Hope looks fabulous. The hair that on his specials can appear fake is a rusty auburn on top and full and white on the sides. "It's thinning," says Hope, smoothing it back, "but it's all mine. I got a hair guy who tints it a bit for television. Otherwise the lights shine right through it. This fellow has a way of pushing it forward to give me a little more hairline too."

Hope is more excited than he has been in years. He doesn't give a hoot that he's about to turn 80, but all the fresh attention makes him feel on top again. Last week the Senate celebrated his birthday and this week NBC is devoting an entire prime-time evening to a lavish tribute from Washington's Kennedy Center. **The President** and **Nancy** will be there to honor Hope and his wife of 48 years, **Dolores.** So will the third generation of pretty young TV women—**Cheryl Tiegs, Christie Brinkley**—who have smiled their way through Bob's corny on-screen advances. To a former vaudevillian who still works civic arenas littered with last night's hockey programs, this is *class.*

Jim Lipton, the producer of the special, has sent over the script, and Hope's staff of four writers has come up with some jokes for his monologue. As he rehearses the material for his visitor, it becomes ever clearer that although the rapid-fire rhythm once clocked at 44 jokes in four minutes has slowed, the style endures. Hope is still the All-American wisecracker. His only living peer among comedians, **George Burns,** 87, found himself a new guise: the worldly-wise old geezer. Hope does not change: he leads with his chin and the little golf swing he taught **Johnny Carson** and lives off his one-liners.

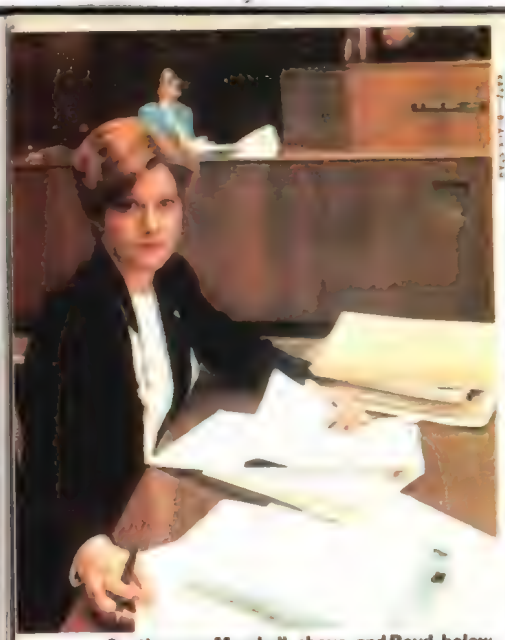
"Hey! How's this one?" he asks. " 'This is three hours from the Kennedy Center, or as it's known at NBC. *The Winds of Washington.*' " The eyes whip over the pages. "Howzabout this? 'Security is really tight in the President's box. One agent checked me for bombs and threw out half my monologue.' " Hope's memory is as big as his desert mansion. Today's one-liner is stored away for use as tomorrow's ad lib. "Pseudosmart. That's the way I describe my stuff," says he. "I want the audience to enjoy it like I do."

He has the attention span of an eight-year-old. Fifteen minutes of work on his material and he's getting antsy. The Palm Springs spread is, like Disneyland, made to be toured, and Hope is soon whisking the visitor over his domain, stopping one minute to show off a photo of George Patton urinating into the Rhine, and in the next parading the wonders of his clothes closet, a room about the size of a C.E.O.'s office. There are a wall of shoes and long racks of blazers, slacks and other 19th-hole formal wear. "I wear them all," says Hope, solemnly fondling a pair of dark-green trousers covered with small mistletoe emblems. "I wear these at Christmas."

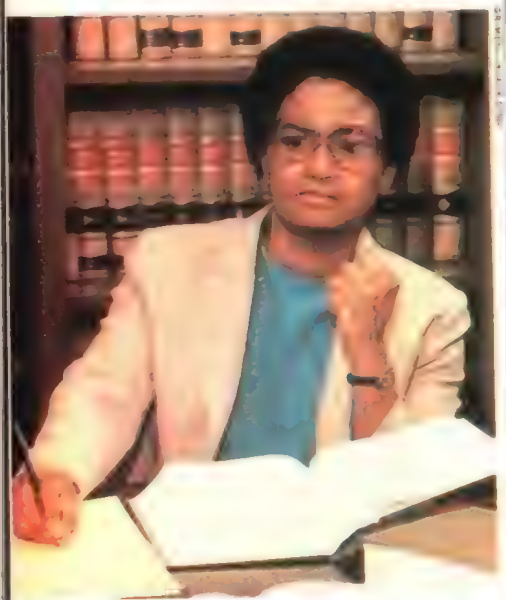
A round of golf with Film Producer Bob Bremson breaks up the afternoon. Bremson, although an old friend, is deferential to Hope, and the comedian warms to the attention. For on the course the visitor is reminded that this is Hope's game; all other players, ex-Presidents and Las Vegas headliners included, are simply along for the ride. Although he now shoots in the high 80s, Hope still has the picture-book swing he had when he was a four-handicap player. "You know what I'd really like to do this year?" he says, for a brief moment thoughtful. "I'd like to get my golf game back. I'd be really happy if I could break 80 again."

The constant in Hope's day is his nightly walk. He heads for Palm Springs' main drag, which is teeming with teenagers at 1 in the morning. It is the vaudevillian's instinct that the moment you are off the stage the audience begins to forget you, and so Hope works even here: he window-shops and scratches autographs on cocktail napkins, all without breaking his stride. Hope confesses that he's "slowing down a bit. I still need the laughs and the adulation, but I guess I can get those from my specials."

Amid his endless patter of "Howya-dooin's," the giggling of three teen-age girls catches Hope's attention. Chirping and darting looks at one another, the youngsters ask him the way to a local nightspot. Hope savors the moment, then points the direction. As he watches them wiggle off into the night, he nudges his visitor and whispers out of the side of his mouth, "What do you think? You want to go dancing?" —*By E. Graydon Carter*



Southerners Marshall, above, and Boyd, below



Boston Criminal Lawyer Klieman, below

The New Women in Court

Five of the best and the brightest in a changing profession

In 1869 an Iowan named Arabella Mansfield became the first woman to be admitted to the bar in this country. No one could accuse her of starting a trend; as recently as 1960, perhaps 3% of the nation's lawyers were female. Then in the 1970s the bars to the bar began to fall. Today 12% to 14% of the more than 600,000 lawyers practicing in the U.S. are women, and they make up more than one-third of the current enrollment at law schools.

The new pioneers in the profession have been out for a few years now, and their careers are reaching the critical point at which they will start to join the established, in-charge practitioners of the law. Who are these young women? How good are they? What has their experience been in the corridors of legal power?

To find out, TIME looked at women attorneys 35 or under who entered the lists of the most macho specialty, that of the trial lawyer. After talking to some 100 judges, professors and attorneys across the country, TIME picked five women trial lawyers whose reputations put them at the top of their generation. As a group, they are less like the stereotype of their sex than the stereotype of their job: they are fiercely intelligent, tough-minded, intensely competitive, self-assured individualists who relish the fray. The five:

THE GUILE OF "LITTLE OLD ME"

If male lawyers choose to underestimate her, that is fine with Houston's Diana Marshall, 35. "It happens constantly," she says. "And I'll admit, I've won a few cases by planting the notion that little old me wouldn't really take a case all the way to trial, without settling first. I'd spend all weekend preparing for trial while my opponent goes to the golf course." Such guile, plus prodigious energy, has enabled Marshall to become one of two women partners (out of 112) at the giant firm of Baker & Botts. Texas Judge William Blanton remembers when Marshall and another woman lawyer were known disparagingly around the courthouse as "Laverne and Shirley." Now, he says, "I'm sure glad I'm not a young male lawyer having to contend with her."

It is all rather heady stuff for someone from a West Texas world populated by oil derricks and the roughnecks who manned them. "As kids we never talked about what we'd be when we grew up," recalls Marshall, the only member of her family to attend college. "There was just no question about growing up to be somebody." Then her father, an oilfield worker, became disabled. "We wound down to poor," she says, "and I got ambitious." As a teenage typist at local law firms, she started visiting court, eventually worked her way through law school at the University of Texas and went straight to Baker & Botts, where she specializes in contract and insurance litigation.

Married last year to Divorce Attorney Robert Piro, 49, Marshall fears that "the mentality of the 1980s will be to try to limit the number of successful women." Says she: "The men are starting to worry about being run over by hordes of ambitious young women, and the woman who tells me she is not afraid of discrimination is too stupid for me to hire."

"I SURVIVED AND I LEARNED"

As one of 13 black students at a newly desegregated Alabama high school in 1965, Delores Boyd gave a lot of thought to the civil rights movement and her place in it: "I had a sense that the law had a very significant role in whether the movement would fail or succeed." The daughter of a subsistence farmer whose eight children all went to college, she was no star at the University of Virginia Law School. "But I survived and I learned," says Boyd.

After winning a coveted one-year clerkship with a federal appeals court judge, the young lawyer could not get an offer at a black firm she approached in Montgomery; "sexism," she suspects. So she went into partnership with a white male, and when few took her very seriously, she turned on the charm. "I believe one gets more done," she says, "if the approach is down-home country manners."

Boyd did not shy away from tough cases. In one she helped white professors win a discrimination suit against predominantly black Alabama State University, ruffling some feathers in the black community. Boyd is fondest of civil liberties suits, but her heavy caseload also includes criminal, personal injury and domestic relations trial work. She is known as a hard-working, aggressive opponent in court. "She doesn't lose her cool, whether a case is going for or against her," says U.S. Appeals Court Judge Frank Johnson. As a result, Boyd, 33, is now taken very seriously indeed. "Word gets around," says U.S. District Judge Truman Hobbs. "She has arrived and can expect to go as far as she wants."

"A LOT OF THEATER"

Early in her career, fledgling Attorney Rikki Klieman made a major mistake. She failed to prepare fully for a simple bail hearing, thinking that her friendship with the opposing lawyer would help her win. She lost. "I learned then," she recalls, "never, ever to walk into a courtroom without knowing every-

thing I could possibly know about my case." Today Klieman, 35, is among Boston's best defense lawyers, in charge of the criminal trial division at the city's prestigious firm of Choate, Hall & Stewart. Says one of the city's top criminal lawyers, Joseph Balliro: "She's a superstar."

From the age of four, Chicagoan Klieman had her sights on the theater. After her dreams of stardom fizzled in New York City, she remembered a professor at Northwestern University who had urged her to try law. When she said that girls did not become lawyers, he replied, "Girls don't, but women do." Klieman looked in on Manhattan's criminal courts and found that "the law is in many ways a lot of theater." After graduation from Boston University Law School and a clerkship with a federal judge, she went to work as a Massachusetts prosecutor. In 1980, in the midst of the U.S. hostage crisis, professional recognition was assured by her convictions of three youths who had killed a local Iranian college student.

Shortly after Klieman decided to move over to the defense table in 1981, she agreed to represent the alleged kingpin of a truck hijacking operation. "My client looked as if he broke legs for a living," she says, and the court clerk quipped that the fellow had a shot at acquittal "only if he wears a sheet over his head." Klieman set out to polish her client's image. She ate breakfast with him in the court cafeteria, so members of the jury could spot them chatting and relaxing. In the courtroom she touched him constantly and allowed him to carry her briefcase. Coupling this effort with a thorough defense, she won an acquittal. Credibility is critical, says the once and still actress. "You have to be able to get along with people at all levels. I have understood that there are different roles that you have to play." She pauses for a moment. "And they all better appear to be sincere."

PROVING IT "OVER AND OVER AGAIN"

"A lot of people want to be represented by a person who is 6 ft. tall and graying at the temples," says Berkeley Criminal Lawyer Cristina Arguedas, who at 5 ft. 2 in. and 29 years is neither. Arguedas offers other qualities. Says San Francisco Attorney Ephraim Margolin: "She has very good presence, is bright as a whip, and very, very fast on her feet."

Arguedas started honing those talents during law school at Rutgers, skipping most of her classes in the last two years to work at New York City's Center for Constitutional Rights. Graduating in 1979, she spent the next two years as a public defender in San Francisco, where she rolled up a stunning 13-2 record in jury verdicts, then left 18 months ago to set up a criminal practice. She will not represent an accused rapist whose defense is the woman's consent: "I don't want to be in the position [on cross-examination] of saying, 'Didn't you really want it?' " Most of her clients are drug defendants. One, accused of being the ringleader of West Coast cocaine dealers, looked like a sure loser after his co-defendant turned state's evidence the morning the trial began. But after testifying, under Arguedas' careful guidance, that he had been on hand during drug deals only because he was the other man's lover, her client was acquitted—a verdict that surprised even Arguedas.

Berkeley Defense Attorney Arguedas

Chicago Personal Injury Litigator Bobb

Individualists in the corridors of justice

The chain-smoking, New Jersey–born attorney "totally rejects" the image of the hired gunfighter favored by many trial lawyers, but she concedes, "It is very lonely in court. You are the only thing between your client and prison." The occasional added burden of sexism does not faze her. "As a woman, you have to be better than the men; you've got to prove yourself over and over again," she observes. "But I don't consider that a problem because I would want to do that anyway."

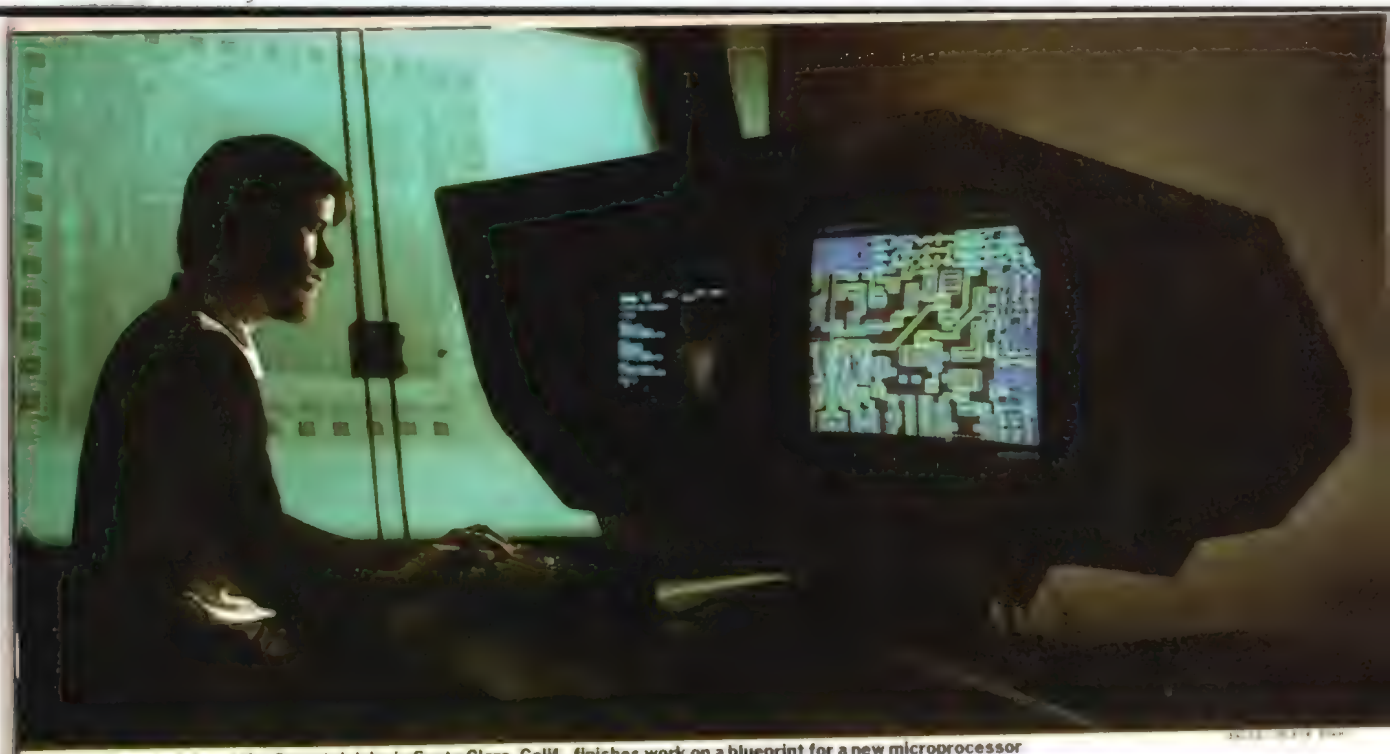
AN ADVANTAGE TO "FEMALENESS"

When she showed up for work as a Chicago prosecutor in 1972, Patricia Bobb fought off a stint in juvenile court, the usual first slot for a woman. Bobb, fresh out of Notre Dame Law School, won assignment to criminal court. She kept on winning: a streak of 22 victories in cases that went to the jury. In 1977 Bobb drew "what we call a heater—a hot first-degree murder that produced a two-month trial and lots of publicity." Lapsing into the trial lawyer's habit of assessing courtroom opportunity, she recalls, "It had everything, blood, gore, sex, kinky stuff. It was a great case." Working with two other prosecutors, Bobb nailed the defendants; each got a 100- to 200-year sentence.

Her reputation thus buoyed, she moved into more lucrative civil trial work, initially with Philip Corboy, Chicago's famed personal injury litigator. For two malpractice suits brought by parents of infants blinded after childbirth, she criss-crossed the country, taking out-of-court testimony from 26 doctors, and helped to secure a million-dollar settlement in one of the cases.

"Femaleness can be an advantage," she says. "A male opponent may ease up for fear of swinging the jury to sympathy for you. And I think women may have a better sensitivity to jurors." Now established in her own three-year-old, four-partner firm, she notes, "Until recently, women haven't had role models in the law. How do I act? What do I wear? Women have to learn to be tough, to be noticed but not intrusive."

The daughter of a former New Mexico Governor and married to a law school classmate, Bobb, 35, has no current plans to raise a family. She acknowledges that "I might resent a child for taking me away from what I want to do most." And what she does well. "She's the finest female personal injury lawyer I've ever seen," says Dan Webb, the U.S. Attorney in Chicago. Bobb would be only partly pleased to hear that. "I want to get to the point," she says, "where people say you're one of the best trial lawyers, not one of the best female trial lawyers." —*By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by Joelle Attinger/Boston and Lee Griggs/Chicago, with other bureaus*



A technician at the Synertek labs in Santa Clara, Calif., finishes work on a blueprint for a new microprocessor

Economy & Business

COVER STORY

The New Economy

Technology has set off a scramble for jobs, profits and global markets

Near the corner of Main and Walnut streets in the small town of Maynard, Mass., stands a massive complex of aged red-brick buildings. Within those walls, workers toiled amid clanging, churning machinery to produce carpets in the 1850s and Army blankets during two World Wars. But today the sturdy, old façade houses an entirely different enterprise. The noisy machines and grease-stained factory floor have given way to offices where engineers huddle over glowing oscilloscopes and secretaries peck quietly at word processors. The woolen mill has been reborn as the headquarters of the Digital Equipment Corp., the second largest computer manufacturer in the world.

That metamorphosis is symbolic of a sweeping transformation that is creating a New Economy. It is a two-tiered economy marked by swift change and stark contrasts. While traditional smokestack industries are reeling from foreign competition, surging high-technology companies are leading the world in innovation. Though hundreds of thousands of blue-collar assembly-line workers have lost their livelihoods, white-collar engineers have had their pick of high-paying jobs. Last year 25,346 businesses went bankrupt, the most since the Great Depression, but 566,942 new companies opened their doors. Says Delaware Governor Pierre du Pont IV: "The transformation of our jobs, the movement of our people, the improvements in our skills over the first 80 years of this century have been stunning. But it is entirely likely that those changes will be matched and exceeded during the final 20 years of the century."

The upheavals are rewriting the script of industrial winners and losers. The job market has become a shifting mosaic of dead ends and bright prospects. Alarmed and angry, more and more workers and politicians are calling for protectionism to keep foreign products out.

Heavy industries such as autos, steel, rubber and shipbuilding that were once synonymous with American industrial might have rapidly declined. Some 211,000 autoworkers, or 19% of the industry's blue-collar work force, are on indefinite layoff. In the steel industry, which is operating at only 42% of capacity, 119,000 workers are idle.

To be sure, the biggest cause of the distress is the temporary effect of the worst recession since the 1930s. In addition, though, the economic order has changed, and U.S. business will never return to its prerecession status. Says John Wilson, chief economist of the Bank of America: "This recession is unique. Always in the past, autoworkers knew they would be hired back. This time, I think, they sensed from the beginning in Detroit and St. Louis and Los Angeles that they would not all be re-employed."

Yet even as the lights are dimming in some old-line industries, technology is spawning boundless opportunities in such esoteric fields as microelectronics, lasers, fiber optics and genetic engineering. In six years Apple, a leading manufacturer of personal computers, has evolved from a two-man operation in a garage to a corporation employing more than 4,000 people. Last year it ranked 411 on the FORTUNE 500; no company had ever gone from a start-up to the Fortune list in so short a period.

Fabulous wealth is being generated almost overnight. When TeleVideo Systems, which makes computers and video-display terminals, issued its first public

Steelworkers tend a roaring blast furnace that turns out pig iron at a Jones & Laughlin plant in Pennsylvania

ALEXANDROW CZ—BLACK STAR

stock in March, its founder, K. Philip Hwang, was instantly worth about $500 million. Telerate, a company that provides securities price quotations electronically to money managers, went public last month, and a group of British investors watched the value of their 90% stake in the firm jump from $75 million to $740 million.

The winds of this economic change are swirling in different directions across the U.S. In the traditional Midwest industrial heartland, employment offices are jammed with discouraged job seekers, FOR SALE signs dot the lawns of once proud neighborhoods, and retail shops are closing because regular customers no longer have extra money to spend. Unemployment rates stand at 14.9% in Michigan and 13% in Ohio, sharply above the national level of 10.2%. Yet in many other areas the rise of high-tech companies has spawned pockets of booming growth: the Route 128 strip around Boston, California's Silicon Valley and the Research Triangle Park area in North Carolina. The uneven distribution of job opportunities is beginning to cause mass migrations reminiscent of other periods in American history. Thousands of young people are heeding the cry of the '80s: "Go West, young man, and grow up with a new industry."

Depressed states and cities are battling back to attract new companies with tax breaks and seed money. Cleveland is launching a $5 million venture-capital fund that will give money to new local companies. Cincinnati has put together a $15 million war chest. Illinois and Chicago set up a ten-story, low-rent "incubator building" in the city for fledgling firms. Last fall, when a group of electronics companies announced plans to launch a joint computer research center that would have an annual budget of up to $100 million, 57 cities in 27 states put in bids to be the new enterprise's home. Bobby Inman, the former CIA deputy director and new head of the operation, last week revealed the winner: Austin. The state of Texas had offered, among other things, to provide Inman's company with low-cost laboratory space at the University of Texas.

HARTMANN—MAGNUM

A spool of optical fiber

The accelerating pace of technological innovation threatens jobs in old industries even as it creates work in new fields. Automobile companies have installed 2,800 robots that perform many assembly-line jobs more quickly and accurately than people can. A new computerized aluminum processing plant built by Alumax Inc. near Charleston, S.C., employs only half as many workers as a conventional factory with the same capacity.

The main catalyst for all this change has been foreign competition. No longer does the U.S. have an insulated, largely self-sufficient economy. Imported goods now account for 19% of American consumption, up from 9% in 1970. Foreign competitors, who once concentrated on simple, labor-intensive products, such as clothing and toys, have quickly climbed up the industrial ladder. The U.S. imports 28% of its cars, 18% of its steel, 55% of its consumer electronics products and 27% of its machine tools. The challenge in these industries, which was first posed by Japan, now also comes from such fast-growing countries as South Korea, Taiwan and Singapore.

Low wage rates overseas are part of the reason for the surge in imports. Average labor costs are $1.53 an hour in South Korea and $1.43 in Taiwan, in contrast to $7.53 in the U.S. But more important is the swift spread of technological know-how around the globe. While it took the U.S. decades to obtain the British steam-engine technology used in the first modern textile mills, Japanese companies in months can now analyze and copy the American microchips that drive the latest computer. In many cases, Japan has deployed advanced technology more rapidly than the U.S. Industrial robots, for example, were first developed in America. But Robotics Expert Paul Aron of Daiwa Securities America Inc. estimates that as many as 36,000 robots are being used in Japan and only 6,500 in the U.S.

If America hopes to match foreign competition, it may have to rely more heavily on automation. Professor William Abernathy of the Harvard Business School estimates, for example, that in order for the Ford Motor Co. to be as efficient as Japanese auto firms, it can afford to keep only half the 256,600 American employees it had in 1978.

Such predictions lead to troubling questions. Will foreign competition and automation generate ever greater unemployment? Can technology create as

many jobs as it destroys? How difficult will it be for workers to move from the jobs of the past to the jobs of the future?

No one knows for sure, and opinions diverge wildly. At one extreme is Nobel Laureate Wassily Leontief, director of New York University's Institute for Economic Analysis, who foresees mass joblessness. Says he: "The computer and the robot are already beginning to replace the simpler mental functions of blue- and white-collar workers. Man, as a factor of production, has only two aspects: physical and mental. Both are being replaced. The only solution is to stretch out vacations, shorten work hours and share available jobs. Human workers will go the way of the horse." Responds a former French Finance Minister: "Nonsense. People can adjust, unless they're asses."

Other experts argue that warnings similar to Leontief's have surfaced regularly ever since computers began popping up in the 1950s. Says John Diebold, a New York City management consultant whose classic 1952 book, *Automation*, made the word a familiar term: "At various times, usually at the depth of a recession, people have said it was going to be horrible from here on because of automation. But a couple of years later, it's all forgotten. Certain types of jobs die, and others grow. That is the sign of a healthy economy."

Many workers will undoubtedly have trouble switching from the old industries to the new. Data Resources, the Lexington, Mass., economic-forecasting firm, predicts that unemployment will fall only gradually as business pulls out of the recession, from the present 10.2% to 8.5% at the end of 1985. Later in the decade, says Economics Professor George Wilson of Indiana University, the unemployment situation may ease substantially. Reason: growth in the labor force is slowing sharply as the baby-boom generation reaches middle age. Wilson estimates that the size of the work force will increase at an average annual rate of no more than 1.5% during the 1980s, after rising at a 2.7% clip in the 1970s.

That is good news for young people, but it may not help middle-age blue-collar workers who are not trained for anything but traditional manufacturing. The largest proportion of new jobs are being created in service industries like health care and data processing. In the past ten years, the number of workers in manufacturing has dipped 1.6%, to 18.8 million, while the total in services has jumped 55.3%, to 19 million. In 1995, according to a preliminary Labor Department report leaked last week, there will be 28.5 million people employed in services, compared with only 22 million in manufacturing.

Moreover, the fastest areas of manufacturing growth will be high-tech fields such as semiconductors and computers, while old industries will continue to suffer. A committee of academics, Congressmen, labor leaders and business executives, chaired by Senator William Roth of Delaware and Congressman Don Bonker of Washington, will soon issue a report concluding that by the 1990s, employment in such smokestack industries as steel and autos will shrink from the present 20% of the labor force to perhaps 8%.

But can the U.S. allow its basic industries to atrophy and still remain a major industrial and military power? McDonald's now employs more workers than U.S. Steel. Can such trends continue? Business leaders in the older sectors of the economy insist that they cannot. Says John Nevin, chairman of Firestone Tire & Rubber: "It's utter nonsense that we are going to become a high-tech and a service economy. The high-tech companies have more manufacturing offshore than here. The idea that we can have an economy by selling hamburgers to each other is absurd."

Of course, no one claims that all production in basic industries will wither away. Says Harvard's Robert B. Reich, author of *The Next American Frontier*: "The choice is not between a smokestack America, on the one hand, and high technology, on the other. That is a false choice." The real challenge confronting the U.S., he says, is how to use high technology in smokestack industries.

Those most directly affected by this economic transformation are the displaced blue-collar workers. They will be hard-pressed to find jobs that even remotely resemble the $25,000-a-year slots in which they manned assembly lines and blast furnaces. The Department of Labor projects that the largest numbers of job openings will be in such low-paying categories as secretaries, nurses' aides, janitors, sales clerks and cashiers *(see table)*. Although the total numbers are not as large, the fastest percentage growth will come in highly technical professions like computer programming and software writing. Those are not skills that a 45-year-old steelworker can pick up easily.

Women may have comparatively less trouble than men in finding jobs in the New Economy because they have traditionally specialized in such service fields as nursing and secretarial work. The unemployment rate among adult women is now 8.4%, in contrast with 9.8% for adult men. Since service jobs tend to be low paying, however, women earn only 65% of what men do. In the technical professions that look most lucrative for the future, women have lagged badly but are starting to catch up. Women earn about 23% of the master's degrees granted in computer science, up from 15% in 1975.

Perhaps the biggest concern among business executives, educators and government officials as they view the transformation of the U.S. economy is that too many young men and women are not being well prepared for the jobs of the 1990s. In a report last month, the National Commission on Excellence in Education noted that only 20% of all 17-year-olds can write a persuasive essay, and only one-third can solve a math problem requiring several steps. A recent study by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce found that 35% of corporations surveyed had to provide remedial basic-skills training to new employees. A T & T alone spends $6 million

HELP WANTED
Number of jobs in thousands

	1980	1990	+ or −
Ten best prospects . . .			
Secretaries	2,469	3,169	+700
Nurses' aides	1,175	1,682	+507
Janitors	2,751	3,253	+502
Sales clerks	2,880	3,359	+479
Cashiers	1,993	2,445	+452
Nurses	1,104	1,542	+438
Truck drivers	1,696	2,111	+415
Fast-food workers	806	1,206	+400
Clerks	2,395	2,772	+377
Waiters	1,711	2,072	+361
Ten worst prospects . . .			
Postal clerks	316	310	−6
Clergy	296	287	−9
Shoe machine operators	65	54	−11
Compositors and typesetters	128	115	−13
Graduate assistants	132	108	−24
Servants	478	449	−29
College teachers	457	402	−55
High school teachers	1,237	1,064	−173
Farm laborers	1,175	940	−235
Farm operators	1,447	1,201	−246

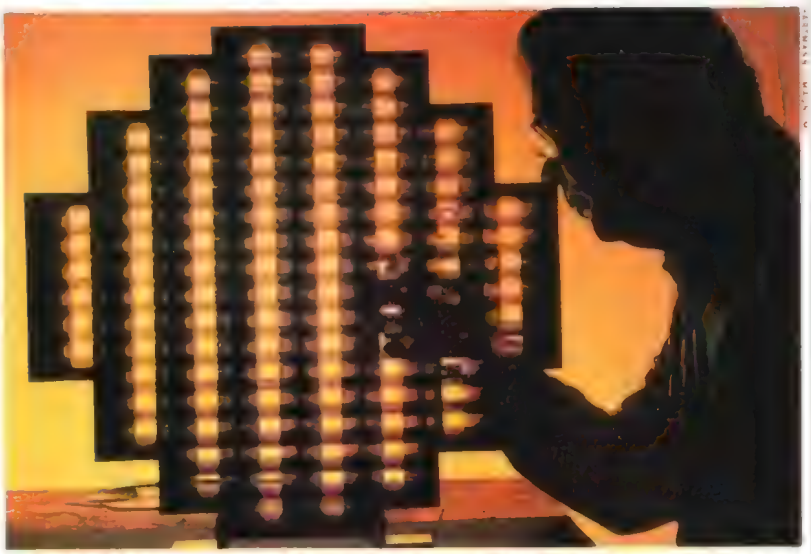
annually to teach workers reading and math skills

The direction of education is as much a concern as its poor quality. High school curriculums have tilted toward home economics, music and driver education at the expense of the math and science needed for jobs in the new high-tech industries. About half of all students take no math after the tenth grade, and 80% drop science. Says New York City Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn: "The more we look at tomorrow's technologies, the more we see a need for higher skills. So far, our educational system really has not been geared to producing those skills." Several companies have decided to help out the schools. Technicians from Texas Instruments, for example, are preparing to teach math to fourth- and fifth-graders.

The challenges and upheavals facing the U.S. economy are hardly unique. All industrial nations are struggling with the onrush of technology and the painful transition from the past to the future. Western Europe is having a particularly difficult time moving toward the New Economy. In most European countries, many heavy industries like steel and coal mining are nationalized. Political pressure has made it difficult for governments to shrink these industries and move workers into new fields. In addition, European workers are much less willing than Americans to pick up and move to a new location. European governments have also made it very expensive to close down a factory by passing laws requiring large payoffs to workers left unemployed. Companies are therefore often wary about starting risky, new ventures. As a result, European economies have been developing few new jobs, and unemployment in Western Europe has gone from about 3% to 11% since 1970. In roughly the past decade the number of jobs in the European Community has risen only .5%, in contrast to 15% in the U.S. Says Pehr Gyllenhammar, president of Volvo, the Swedish car manufacturer: "Europe has grave problems—no growth, more people without jobs, little investment and sluggish productivity. Europe is not creating new resources, but is declining under the pressure of increased competition. When things are dying, we do not let them die any more. Companies do not go bankrupt the way they used to do. We try to restructure, preventing the creation of dynamic new industries."

Several governments in Europe are trying to introduce some dynamism into their economies. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has chopped the job rolls of Britain's nationalized steel industry by 52%. At the same time, her government has guaranteed loans totaling $465 million to 10,000 small businesses. Even the Socialist government of François Mitterrand has launched a new austerity program that calls for a 10% cut in the work force of France's steel industry. With a historic French search for a centralized government solution, Mitterrand is trying

Peering through microscopes in a sterilized room, technicians check computer chips for flaws

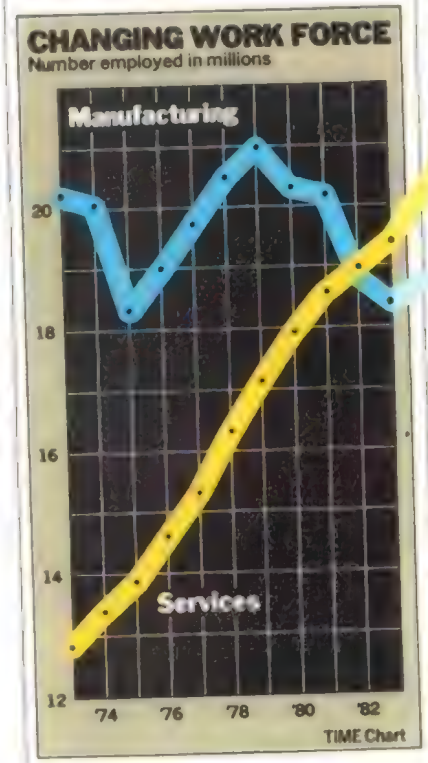


At Bell Labs, a scientist examines a model of an antenna for satellite telecommunications

The robot being programmed at Unimation in Danbury, Conn., will be used to assemble cars

to move his country into high technology with a $1.8 billion government fund for loans to help companies develop new products, including microcomputers and highly fuel-efficient cars.

Japan also has its share of declining industries. Chemical-fertilizer production is down 66% from its peak, while paperboard and cement output are off 10%. But instead of resisting change in the economy, the Japanese government encourages it. That is easier to do in Japan than in the U.S. or Western Europe because much of Japanese industry is organized into large groups like Mitsubishi, with product lines ranging from beer to nuclear power plants. Workers whose jobs become superfluous in one part of the group can often find work in another branch. Large-scale retraining programs have helped



channel workers into new fields like the manufacture of antipollution equipment.

These upheavals caused by the New Economy have generated intense pressure on governments around the world. No one wants to lose a job, and no politician wants to lose the votes of those who lose jobs. The automatic response of many businessmen and workers when threatened by foreign competition is to demand protection: quotas, tariffs, subsidies, "voluntary" trade agreements, anything to preserve the status quo. In times of recession and high unemployment, the clamor becomes virtually irresistible. As a result, the world is suffering its worst outbreak of protectionism since the 1930s. The U.S. has moved to reduce imports of cars, motorcycles, steel, textiles and a host of other products. The European Community has persuaded Japan to limit its exports of hi-fi equipment, computer-controlled machine tools and television tubes. Japan is considering barriers against South Korean steel. The list goes on and on.

In the U.S., protectionist pleas are often pitched as dire warnings of doom. Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca contends that Japan is trying to "capture systematically" the American auto market. Says he: "The process is well under way, and the damage inflicted thus far is both serious and permanent. If the American auto industry succumbs, steel, textiles, rubber and machine tools will follow, and the high-tech industries, which are vulnerable to the same kinds of Japanese attack as American heavy industry, won't be far behind." Such arguments have gained wide popular support. A poll by the Opinion Research Corp. suggests that 69% of Americans support import barriers.

Some industries contend that protectionism is a matter of national survival. Says James Gray, president of the National Machine Tool Builders' Association: "The continued growth in imports will completely debilitate the American machine-tool industry. If we wish to deter aggression, America must have a strong industrial base, built upon the foundation of a strong machine-tool industry. With a weak industry, we could become subject to threats and intimidation. It is a matter of national security." But Lawrence Krause, an economist at the Brookings Institution in Washington, replies: "National defense is generally the last argument of the scoundrel, because who can argue against national defense? It is a way to close off the argument rather than debate it. The machine-tool industry could be one-twentieth of its size now and provide all of the machine tools needed for national defense."

The apparel industry argues that imports from low-wage nations in Latin America, among other places, are causing social problems in the U.S. Says Herman Starobin, director of research at the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union: "At some point there will be no apparel industry left in this country. Hundreds of thousands of poorly educated Americans could be cut off from the American dream of being able to improve their living standards." But protectionism aimed at Latin America could be particularly dangerous. Two of the biggest apparel exporters, Mexico and Argentina, owe U.S. banks nearly $35 billion. "If we protect our markets against their goods," says Harvard Economics Professor Richard Cooper, "Latin American countries would have an excuse to repudiate their debts." That could trigger a worldwide banking crisis.

President Reagan praises the virtues of free trade in speeches, but his Administration has been unable to resist the outcry for protection. Admits William Brock, the U.S. trade representative: "None of us is without sin." In the case of autos, the U.S. has politely but firmly persuaded the Japanese for three straight years to put a 1.68 million limit on the cars they export to the U.S., about 20% of the American market. Detroit is still not satisfied. Iacocca wants the Japanese to be held to 15%. The United Auto Workers are pushing in Congress a "domestic content" bill that would shut the largest Japanese auto manufacturers out of the U.S. market by decreeing that most parts of their cars be made in America. So far, the bill has the support of 148 Congressmen, 16 Senators and, among other interested onlookers, Democratic Presidential Candidate Walter Mondale.

Such a law would be an ill-advised step that could easily spark an all-out trade war. The U.S. would have more to lose than gain in the crossfire. While the country has been importing more in the past decade, it has also become more dependent on world markets. In 1972 the U.S. exported only 9% of its production. It now exports about 17% and would be a tempting target for domestic-content laws in other countries.

For more than two centuries, most economists have maintained that a system of free trade benefits all countries. But supporters of protectionism contend that "free trade" has become merely an academic abstraction. Reason: governments routinely subsidize key industries to give them an advantage in international trade. AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland has made this case by proposing—in jest, but with a serious message—his Free Trade, Antiprotectionism and Antihypocrisy Act of 1983. The law would prohibit Americans from buying imports at prices that have been subsidized in any way by foreign governments or influenced by anything other than free-market forces. "For the first offense," the bill says, "the perpetrator shall have his right hand severed at the wrist." This law, Kirkland implies, would quickly eliminate the U.S. import problem. He offers an added proviso: "Any person . . . apprehended in the act of making a free-trade speech to the Council on Foreign Relations . . . or to any other such forum shall have his tongue extracted by heated tongs."

Kirkland is right that many imports are subsidized by a foreign government, but when the U.S. retaliates, both countries lose. The steel trade is a good illustration. For well over a decade many European nations have protected their national steel industries with steady infu-

sions of government money. Since 1969 the U.S. has used a variety of methods to protect its industry from imports of inexpensive foreign steel. The result is a standoff that hurts both sides. Hooked on government funds, most European steel companies are weak, inefficient and a drain on their national treasuries. The U.S. Commerce Department has found that government help to some European steelmakers now totals as much as 40% of the value of their products.

The U.S. steel industry has also become weak, inefficient and a drain on the American economy. Steel executives have allowed their mills to become outmoded. Observes Harald Malmgren, a trade consultant in Washington: "When you protect any sector, you are shoring up sick companies and prolonging bad management." The steel industry has not, for the most part, used the breathing space offered by protection to modernize its plants. Instead, National Steel Corp. bought some savings and loan associations, and U.S. Steel borrowed $3 billion to acquire Marathon Oil.

Because the American steel industry has been shielded from competition, companies that buy its product pay artificially high prices. That is one reason, economists point out, for the auto industry's troubles, since it is one of the heaviest steel users. Says C. Fred Bergsten, director of the Institute for International Economics in Washington: "In the long run, jobs saved by protection of one industry tend to be offset by the loss of jobs in other industries." In the short run, protectionism is a big contributor to inflation.

The newest prescription for curing America's economic ills is something called national industrial policy. Its advocates include labor unions, numerous Democratic politicians, a few economists and even some prominent members of the business community, including Felix Rohatyn and Du Pont Chairman Edward Jefferson. The idea comes in different forms and goes by various names. Democratic Presidential Contender Alan Cranston backs Rohatyn's proposal for a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation, patterned on the agency set up during the Depression, to loan money to needy industries. A group of five Democratic Congressmen led by Stanley Lundine of New York introduced a bill this month that would, among other things, launch a national industrial development bank to provide capital to help companies become competitive internationally. Says Lundine: "In today's context, we are simply not able to generate the kind of patient capital necessary to foster innovative, emerging enterprises. We are not able to finance the huge reinvestments necessary to restore a world-class steel industry."

The Reagan Administration is decidedly cool toward industrial policy. Edwin Harper, a White House aide for domestic issues, calls it "back-door protectionism." Trade Representative Brock is fearful

A Boom in Low Tech and No Tech

Not all industry in the New Economy will involve such showy high-tech fields as microchips, computers and lasers. A large number of unglamorous service jobs will proliferate between now and 1990 *(see table)*. And many new products will be low tech or no tech. A typical example: one of the greatest growth industries for the rest of the century will be the broad field of health. Americans are living longer, and the children born during the baby-boom years (1946-64) are trying to guard their youth as they head toward middle age. Fitness is a health-related business that is notably prospering and likely to get considerably bigger.

Imprecisely defined but including at least the gyms, equipment, clothing, foods and vitamins for staying healthy, the fitness market will reach $35 billion this year, up from $30 billion just two years ago. That is bigger than the combined sales of Coca-Cola, Procter & Gamble and Kodak.

The industry first began blooming in the mid-'70s, when the young and affluent discovered tennis. Soon thereafter came jogging, aerobics and other fitness fads. No conclusive medical evidence has yet proved that exercise alone prolongs life, but that does not seem to bother those out there sweating. They maintain that they look better and feel better; maybe so, but they do keep pushing up sales of everything from running shoes to joggers' wristwatches as they puff along.

Almost all the new entries into the exercise market seem to lift off like a Saturn booster, find their target, fall back a little and make piles of money for their inventors. Nike of Beaverton, Ore., first hit it big manufacturing running shoes (1982 footwear sales: $580 million). In 1980 the company got into running apparel, and sales of shorts and shirts bearing the company's famous "swoosh" mark have sprinted from $8 million to a projected $115 million this year. Leotards and tights to wear while exercising are now a sleekly packaged business with estimated sales of $500 million a year. One company in that field, Flexatard Inc. of Los Angeles, has seen sales jump from $363,000 in 1977 to $25 million last year.

Pumping iron in a Manhattan gym

MacLevy Products Corp. of New York City turned out about 2,400 treadmills for indoor runners last year, at prices ranging from $640 for a simple nonmotorized model to nearly $6,000 for a super-deluxe electronic version that measures speed and mileage and displays distance on a small screen. About half of MacLevy's treadmills find their way into executive gyms and other posh clubs in big U.S. cities, where large corporations try to keep their workers trim, fit and healthy.

High tech is trying to get into the fitness business with more and more electronic whizmos that give exercisers a more precise idea of how much energy they are expending. Huffy of Dayton, Ohio, a maker of stationary exercise bicycles, next fall will introduce its Model 500 Aerobic Fitness Cycle. Sensors in the handgrips will check pulse rates and display them on a small screen. Price: $250.

Fitness, like cooking and camping, is prone to gadgetry. Numerous blood pressure devices are on the market. Seiko and several other makers sell watches that monitor pulse. Barre Rorabaugh, president of Huffy's sporting goods division and a participant in the 1979 Boston Marathon, foresees the day when someone will be pumping away on a bicycle, all the while reading his pulse, blood pressure, elapsed time, mileage and calorie burn-off.

When Americans are not exercising, they seem to want to read about it or see other people doing it. Health and diet books make up six of the 15 titles on the New York *Times* bestseller list. Jane Fonda's workout how-to video cassettes placed No. 2 on the charts last week, behind the movie *An Officer and a Gentleman*.

Like other areas in the New Economy, the fitness business demands training and expertise. Many exercise centers are hiring people with advanced degrees in exercise physiology. Membership in the American College of Sports Medicine has increased by 38% in three years, to 10,500. Starting salaries for gym physiologists can range from $13,000 to $15,000 a year and rise to as much as $40,000. The need for them is expected to mushroom as America works up a sweat for fitness.

that too much Government aid would go to established industries with political clout and not enough to fledgling companies. Says he: "We run the risk of freezing ourselves as we are and losing the opportunity of being what we can become."

M.I.T. Economist Lester Thurow argues that most of the industrial-policy schemes under discussion would amount to a prop-up-the-losers approach that he calls "lemon socialism." As an alternative, Thurow suggests that the U.S. emulate to some degree the successful Japanese brand of industrial policy. Competition is fierce in Japan, and the government allows weak companies to die. But at the same time, Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry picks out promising new firms and targets them for special government aid.

Such a strategy, however, is unlikely to work as well in the U.S. An economic program can work only within the confines of the history and traditions of a society. While the Japanese government has long been involved in the economy, there is no such heritage in the U.S. The roots of American economic success have been in individualism and entrepreneurship. The dream of making a fortune by launching a new company runs deep in American society and has been the source of great business strength. In addition, the U.S. has by far the largest pool of private venture capital available to back risky new businesses. Both that individualistic business culture and the strong venture-capital market should be fostered, but the Government is not the source of help. It is unlikely that Washington bureaucrats would have taken a chance on many of the upstart, start-up companies formed in the Silicon Valley during the past few years. They would have put money into safe, established firms. But venture capitalists did invest and began many corporate success stories. That combination of entrepreneurship and venture capital can continue to make the U.S. economy the most innovative in the world.

The Government may have a role to play in the massive retraining that will be required to give workers the skills needed in a changing economy. Trade Negotiator Brock predicts that people will now be changing jobs four times during their working careers. That will make retraining a permanent part of American business and society. Economists call that retraining "investing in human capital." The programs set up during the 1970s under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act were roundly, and correctly,

Best and Worst of Times

At the two ends of the Sunbelt last week, conventions of both the New Economy and the Old Economy took place. In Anaheim, Calif., some 110,000 people paid up to $125 each to examine the wares of 650 firms at the National Computer Conference. At the same time in Dallas, nearly 2,500 delegates attended the United Auto Workers meeting that elected a new union president. TIME *Correspondent Dick Thompson was in Anaheim, and Correspondent Barbara Dolan was in Dallas. Their reports:*

ANAHEIM: "SURVIVING SUCCESS"

It all had the atmosphere of Walt Disney's nearby Fantasyland. In the dome-shaped main hall, robots caromed around the floor. Overhead, a single-engine plane circled, dragging a sign announcing COMPAQ IS HERE. At one booth, a man dressed up like the Red Baron demonstrated a program that enables a personal computer to accept voice commands. Apple Computer rented Disneyland for an evening to entertain 12,000 of its most intimate customers, employees and friends. For the more serious, discussions were held on topics like "Surviving Success—an Industry Dilemma."

BARTHOLOMEW—BLACK STAR

A salesman in World War I garb shows off a computer that listens

Displays spilled out of the main arena and into six unair-conditioned tents, where conventioneers sweltered when Santa Ana winds pushed the temperature well into the 90s. Yet the heat hardly suffocated the enthusiasm. Everyone, after all, was participating in America's glamour and growth industry. As Robert Lane, president of Commodore Business Machines, observed glowingly, "The consumer just has an insatiable desire for computing at the moment."

Discussions among computer makers tend to be high-tech talk tinged with evangelism. This year portable computers were gospel. As many as 40 companies have introduced portables that range in size from relatively bulky 30-pounders to lap-size models that weigh about 4 lbs.

When participants were not talking about the latest, lightest and most powerful machine, they discussed two huge competitors: IBM and the Japanese. IBM introduced its first personal computer less than two years ago, but it now appears that it may soon dominate the market. The company already commands about 25% of sales, and other makers are tailoring their new products to work like IBM's. On the subject of the Japanese, most computer company officials remain quietly confident that they can match the challenge.

Underlying the general euphoria were serious concerns about the industry's future. Sales are growing incredibly fast: from $4.7 billion last year to $7.7 billion this year and to a projected $21.6 billion by 1987. As the industry gets bigger, the risks get bigger too. No longer can someone launch a company from a garage with pocket money. A new firm like Compaq Computer, which makes a portable IBM work-alike computer, spent $30 million getting started. Carving out a piece of the market is also expensive. Advertising used to consist of just a few homemade ads in electronic hobby magazines. This year some companies will spend tens of millions of dollars on publicity.

With all that money at risk, there was some nervous talk that weaker companies will fall by the wayside. At least 150 firms worldwide now make personal computers. Said Ronald Ockander, sales director of Epson America: "You know everybody is not going to make it. There isn't room on the retailer's shelf for that many." Sharp-eyed participants noted that about 30 companies who exhibited at last year's National Computer Conference in Houston did not show up for this one. Nonetheless, a strong streak of optimism reigned. Said Digital Equipment's Edward Kramer: "It's a big damn business. There's room for a lot of guys."

The driving dream of the conference remained the hit product and a new fortune, and a model of success was never far away. Apple Chairman and co-Founder Steven Jobs, 28, who owns $403 million of company stock, walked the convention floors alone, inspiring a bit of awe.

MICHAEL DRESSLER

Retraining autoworkers to be dental assistants

criticized because they often steered people toward make-work public service jobs rather than real employment in the private sector. Under the Jobs Training Partnership Act passed last year, new programs will aim at preparing people for jobs with private companies, and business executives will play a major role in shaping the training. The proposed budget for the first year is $3.5 billion. A report soon to be released by 32 House Republicans known as the Wednesday Group will call for more action in the training area. One of the recommendations is that companies be given tax credits for expenses in teaching new skills to their workers. Unfortunately, many employees laid off in declining industries, especially older people, will find it difficult to learn new skills. They may wind up in low-paying jobs or in limbo.

While education is primarily the responsibility of state and local governments, sentiment is growing that Uncle Sam should chip in more. The Reagan Administration wants new spending to be targeted narrowly at strengthening math and science instruction, and proposes new funds of only $75 million. Walter Mondale thinks that much more broad-based support is justified and suggests an educational aid program of $11 billion, most of which would be given to communities to use as they see fit.

The only drawback to such spending is that it would raise the federal budget deficit, which is already projected to reach an intolerable $210 billion for the current fiscal year. The most important single thing that the Government can do to help industry prepare itself for the changes it must face in the New Economy would be to bring that deficit down so that long-term interest rates, now hovering around 12%, can fall. If rates do not drop, the recovery may stall. That puts Con-

DALLAS: "HARD TO BE OPTIMISTIC"

Balloons bobbed and a band played *Solidarity Forever*, but few of those at last week's United Auto Workers convention felt much like celebrating. Indeed, talk among the delegates often strayed to topics like food stamps and unemployment. More than one-third of the 1,500 U.A.W. locals could not even afford to send a representative to the session. Said Shop Chairman George Nano, who led a six-member delegation representing jobless workers from Fremont, Calif.: "The layoff of our brothers and sisters has caused dramatic and drastic financial changes. It has meant divorces and bankruptcies and the loss of homes, cars and furniture."

The union's woes mirror the depressed state of the American auto industry. Since 1980, U.A.W. membership has fallen by about 19% and now stands at 1.1 million. Some 211,000 of those remaining are on indefinite layoff and may not be returning to their old jobs. Thousands more could be displaced by automation.

Many experts claim the auto industry's decline is partly due to excessively high wages and benefits, which are about twice the average for U.S. workers in manufacturing industries. But U.A.W. members are not ready to settle for less. In fact, they are still smarting from the $4.5 billion in wage- and-benefit concessions made to the Big Three automakers since 1979, and now they are demanding to get at least some of that back. Declared a red and white button some delegates wore: RESTORE PLUS MORE IN 1984.

KATZ—BLACK STAR

United Auto Workers whooping it up on the convention floor

Anger over past givebacks simmered at the convention, and delegates were proud of the stubbornness of locals like 1610 in Akron, which had refused to give more concessions to the Rogers Manufacturing plant in January, despite evidence that the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. "We've already made our sacrifices," said Hilda Hendrickson, a press operator and president of the Akron local. "We have to make a living also." Al Gardner, bargaining chairman for a Ford local in Dearborn, Mich., charged that only a 38-day Chrysler strike by Canadian auto workers last fall had managed to stop the concession movement.

The givebacks had been urged by Douglas Fraser, 66, the outgoing U.A.W. president. Fraser, who also sits on Chrysler's board of directors, had argued that concessions were needed to ensure the auto industry's survival in the face of strong foreign competition.

Many delegates questioned the selection of Owen Bieber, 53, to succeed Fraser as president. Bieber, a relative unknown, who had been director of the U.A.W. General Motors department, was nominated by the union's international executive board last November. "Bieber's an honest, hard-working, committed person," said one official. "The question is, has he got the qualities to lead the union enthusiastically? When he was in charge at General Motors, his first bargaining session ended up in concessions." Nonetheless, the convention unanimously elected the 6-ft. 5-in. Bieber.

The new chairman later won standing ovations with a fist-pounding speech in which he vowed that there would be no more givebacks. Said he: "We're proud of the gains we've made over the years, because we've earned them." After naming the chairmen of the Big Three automakers, Bieber insisted, "I am deadly serious when I say it's their turn to do some giving."

The speech clearly excited the convention-goers, who had been longing for something to cheer about, but the mood of elation quickly faded. Said Richard Gaskill, a delegate from an International Harvester plant in Fort Wayne, Ind.: "It's pretty hard for me to be optimistic these days because they are closing my plant. I think the general feeling is that our people have taken it on the chin long enough."

Many of the delegates were middle-aged men with high seniority and secure positions. They would be among the last workers to lose their jobs if the industry shrinks further. Yet even among them, much of the fun seemed forced. Replied one delegate when a colleague asked whether he was having a good time: "Yes, but I hate to think of having to go back to work on Monday." Then he paused for a moment and added, "But then I have a job, thank God."

gress in a bind. To provide much needed funds for education and training, it will have to cut other spending or raise taxes or both.

Government can improve the climate for industrial growth, but the success or failure of individual firms will be determined in executive suites and on factory floors by managers and workers. To survive in the New Economy, companies will have to be flexible and efficient. Says William Thurston, president of GenRad, a Concord, Mass., electronics firm: "The first thing managers have to do is to take responsibility for their own destiny. They should stop complaining and get busy. They should keep up to date in technology and be responsive to the marketplace."

Every industrialized country is looking to high technology for its salvation. But competitiveness, high productivity, innovation—or their lack—will be even more decisive in the New Economy than in the old; an inefficient chipmaker will suffer just as much as an inefficient steelmaker. And the pitfalls will be just as deep for high-tech managers as for those in old-line industries. High tech is no passport to business success. Digital Equipment Corp. is a leader in the minicomputer business, but it is now having to run to catch up in microcomputers. Xerox pioneered office copy machines, but it has had trouble finding a niche in the office automation market. Southern Biotech was a promising firm in the surging field of genetic engineering, but it filed for bankruptcy after three years in business and a failed research program.

In Springfield, Pa., 1,000 applicants for ten maintenance openings

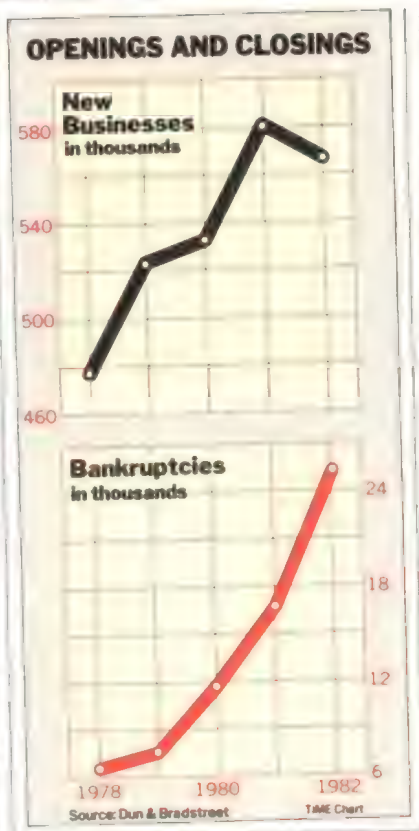
American companies overwhelmed by imports excuse their failures by blaming foreign industrial policies. In truth, U.S. managers are often outmanaged by foreign competitors. While RCA complained in 1979 that it did not have the $200 million needed to develop a video-cassette recorder, it did scrape together $1.3 billion to buy a finance company. In the meantime, RCA ceded the highly lucrative video-cassette-recorder market to the Japanese. RCA has also suffered from revolving-door management: four chief executives in six years. Bureaucracy, territorial feuds and narrow careerism afflict many large U.S. corporations.

Japanese managers have often been much quicker to provide workers with the most advanced equipment. Moreover, the Japanese people have a tradition of discipline and an unsurpassed work ethic. As a result, worker productivity has gone up 80% in Japanese manufacturing since 1972, far more than the 15% gain recorded in the U.S. American quality control has lagged along with productivity. A survey by Pollster Daniel Yankelovich found that 26% of U.S. manufacturing workers are "ashamed" of the quality of the products they make.

American managers must cultivate a closer relationship with labor to replace the often antagonistic "we-they" approach. Many U.S. companies are successfully copying the Japanese practice of using so-called quality circles, which are teams of workers that meet regularly on company time to discuss production snafus and bottlenecks. In 1979 Dover Elevator Co. formed quality circles at its Horn Lake, Miss., plant. Says Robert Scott, Dover's quality-circle coordinator: "It has done so many good things you can't even count them. I suppose if it were to be put in dollar terms, we have had a $12 to $15 payback on each dollar invested in the program." One quality circle suggested a way to install elevators in shafts more economically: the improvement will save Dover $2.5 million over the next five years. Westinghouse Electric Corp., with more than 2,000 quality circles, estimates that they helped boost the company's productivity by 4.5% last year.

Organized labor, in turn, will have to be more flexible on wages and be willing to give up rigid work rules that lead to overmanning and inefficiency. The recession may have been a turning point for unions. After rancorous negotiations, workers in both the auto and steel industries agreed to an unprecedented combination of pay cuts, changes in work rules and givebacks of benefits. But wages are still comparatively high. In the U.S., autoworkers at the Big Three companies now average $21.50 an hour in wages and benefits, compared with $12.60 an hour in Japan. Now that the recession is over, the talk in union halls is of catch-up instead of giveback. If executives and labor forget the harsh lessons administered by the recession and foreign competition, their companies will continue to weaken.

Smokestack industries need not die in the New Economy, but they must be leaner, more productive and better managed. Workers will lose jobs and go through very hard times, but with the help of retraining, there can be second acts in American working lives. An eclectic and energetic band of U.S. entrepreneurs is likely to keep creating openings in fields now barely explored. One thing is certain: protectionism cannot stop or even slow the advance of technology. The U.S. can either continue to ride the crest of the New Economy wave or follow in the trough behind. —*By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Adam Zagorin/New York, with other bureaus*



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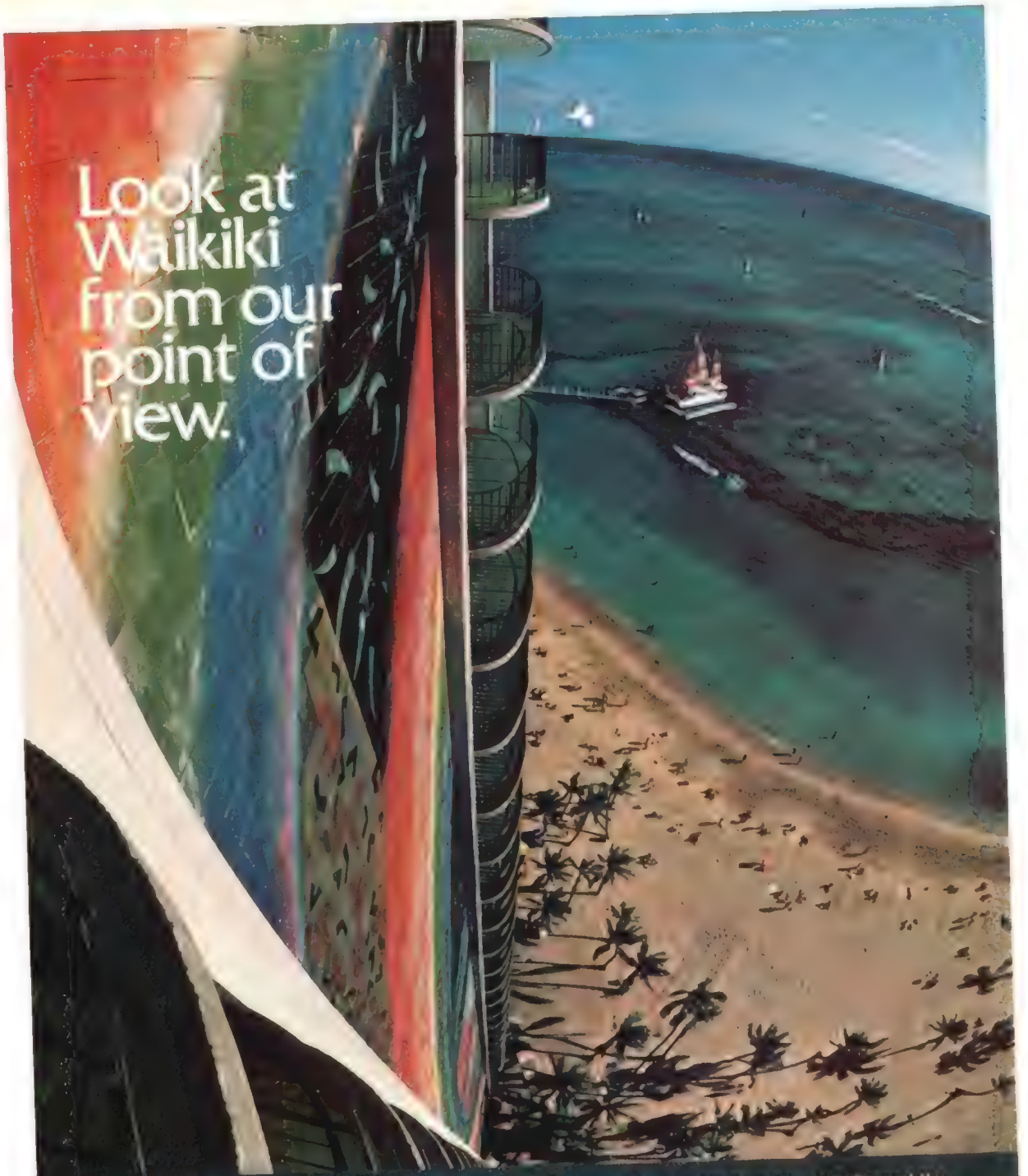

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Whoops Woes

A $2.25 billion default looms

The U.S. nuclear power industry has suffered many setbacks, one of the worst being the accident at Three Mile Island. But none is potentially more costly than the financial tragedy unfolding in Washington State. Next week the Washington Public Power Supply System is expected to fail to make a $15.6 million monthly debt-service payment to Chemical Bank on bonds worth $2.25 billion. The securities were issued starting in 1976 to pay for two nuclear power plants that have already been scrapped. A default would likely endanger completion of three other unfinished WPPSS plants on which $6.1 billion is owed. Moreover, the uncertainty that it would create could shake the very foundations of the municipal bond market and lead to huge losses for big and small investors alike. Says Robert Adler, a Shearson/American Express vice president: "Small, medium and large investors will all be hurt—all the way across the country."

On Wall Street, the WPPSS (nicknamed Whoops) situation is being compared to the near default by New York City in 1975. Investment bankers are hoping for the best, but some expect the worst. Says David Jones, an economist with the brokerage firm of Aubrey G. Lanston: "This situation is another Mount St. Helens waiting to happen."

WPPSS's troubles are the result of more than a decade of misjudgments. In the early 1970s, when it appeared that the demand for electricity would outrun supply, WPPSS started construction on three nuclear plants and later added two more. The agency, though, was unable to cope with such enormous projects, and deadlines began slipping and expenses ballooning. By 1982 the total cost of the development had leaped to $23.8 billion, more than five times the original estimate. The first plant is not scheduled for completion until 1984, seven years later than expected. Making the situation even worse, energy demand has been falling for several years, so not all the plants are needed. By last year, building had halted on Plants 4 and 5, which were financed by the bonds. Since then work has been slowed on two other plants as well, and the project's construction fund is nearly exhausted.

Utilities in the Pacific Northwest, which agreed to use power from Plants 4 and 5 and were supposed to help finance the project, are now pushing it toward default. They signed contracts, known as take-or-pay agreements, that obligated them to pay for the reactors whether or not they generate any electricity. Now the utilities claim, among other things, that the contracts are unenforceable and that they were misled by official projections about future energy shortages. Most of the utilities have stopped payments to WPPSS, and by the end of June, 88 utilities will owe it $62.4 million.

Two of the partly completed nuclear power units at the troubled WPPSS installation

If the debt-service payment is not made, it could become the biggest municipal bankruptcy.

WPPSS's woes have made consumers in Washington State furious. Since bills for the nuclear plants started coming due, the average residential electric rates have gone up about 80%. Some irate ratepayers urged that WPPSS file for bankruptcy so that its debt payments can be eased.

Congressman George V. Hansen of Idaho has been preparing legislation for a federal bailout of Whoops. The Federal Reserve is watching the situation, but neither the Reagan Administration nor Congress seems inclined to consider a rescue operation.

If WPPSS does not make its debt-service payment on May 31, it will have 90 days to find the money. If it cannot come up with funds, then Chemical Bank, as bond fund trustee, or the lenders will be able to declare the bonds immediately due. Such an action would doom the entire project and push WPPSS into receivership, making it the biggest municipal bankruptcy in U.S. history. ■

Spin-Off

Time to form a new company

Time Inc. is best known as a communications company that publishes magazines and books and owns Home Box Office, the largest U.S. pay cable-television service. Since the early '50s, the company has also been in the forest-products business. It entered the field almost by accident, purchasing half a million acres of prime East Texas timberland as part of a long-term drive to find secure paper supplies for its magazines. The forest-products unit grew into a major producer of pulp and paperboard, although it never manufactured paper for the publications. In 1973 Time Inc. acquired Temple Industries, a large Texas producer of building products, and in 1978 it added Inland Container Corp., an Indianapolis-based manufacturer of containers and containerboard.

Now Time Inc. is leaving forest products. Last week, at the company's annual shareholders meeting, President J. Richard Munro announced a plan to form a separate company by splitting off the forest-products operations from the firm's other businesses. If stockholders approve the plan, which would give them shares in the new forest-products company, at a special meeting later this year, the move could be completed by year's end.

The spin-off should make it easier for each company to satisfy its own considerable capital needs. Said Munro: "At the moment, we inevitably have a continuing tug-of-war between widely different needs that have to be evaluated from distinctly different perspectives."

Time Inc. has made several major investments in communications during the past few years. In addition to its magazines, books and HBO, Time Inc. owns American Television & Communications Corp., one of the largest U.S. cable-TV companies. HBO last year joined with CBS and Columbia Pictures to form a new movie studio, Tri-Star Pictures. Last month the company launched its eighth magazine, TV-CABLE WEEK, which will provide system-specific listings for both cable and broadcast TV. Time Inc. is also experimenting with a teletext service for cable television. Time's teletext will be the official information service for the heads of government at this week's economic summit in Williamsburg, Va.

The forest-products firm, which will have its headquarters in Diboll, Texas, will be a major U.S. corporation on its own. Last year that part of Time Inc. accounted for $1.1 billion, or 32% of the company's $3.6 billion in revenues. If it had been an independent company, the forest-products operation would have ranked 270 on the FORTUNE 500 list. Munro said in announcing the proposal that separation means that the "major parts of Time Inc. can become greater than the whole." ■

Quest for a soul mate: a class of Chinese schoolchildren get acquainted with "Da Niao"

Innocent Abroad, with Feathers

Big Bird in China, NBC, *May 29, 7 p.m. E.D.T.*

He doesn't wear Bermuda shorts or sunglasses, but he is the stereotype American tourist. He ogles the natives as though they were the foreigners. Not knowing the language, he complains that no one speaks "American." He is given to such asides as "I wonder who's buried in Ming's Tomb?"

But no passport is needed to identify this traveler. As an 8-ft. canary, he is one of a kind: an innocent abroad, with feathers. He is none other than Big Bird, star of *Sesame Street*. On May 29, a 90-minute NBC special called *Big Bird in China* takes him on a peregrination of the landmarks of China. A $1.3 million joint production of Children's Television Workshop (creator of *Sesame Street*) and China Central Television (CCTV), the national Chinese network, the program is essentially a beautifully photographed travelogue.

Although the star's galumphing presence and endless prattling become grating, *Big Bird in China* is far superior to the insipid fare that constitutes most network children's programming. It offers not the contemporary China of bicycling millions but a vision of the mythic China of the imperial dynasties. Scene after scene unfolds exquisite landscapes that resemble the misty mountains and delicate waterfalls of Sung dynasty murals.

The show is the creation of veteran Writer-Producer Jon Stone, 52, a *Sesame Street* pioneer and the winner of eight Emmy Awards for that show as well as such specials as *Christmas Eve on Sesame Street*. Stone's notion was to create a quest theme. The story opens as Big Bird (played, as he is on *Sesame Street*, by Carroll Spinney), roller-skates through Manhattan's Chinatown and admires a scroll depicting the legendary phoenix of China. He is smitten and resolves to go to China, as a sort of avian Henry Kissinger, to tell the phoenix that "American birds think Chinese birds are just swell." Finding the phoenix is the problem. Big Bird and his shaggy sidekick Barkley the Dog (played with wonderful canine verisimilitude by Brian Muehl) must locate all the landmarks depicted on the scroll; each locale provides a clue to the whereabouts of the elusive phoenix. After solving all the clues, Big Bird finds his shimmering Chinese soul mate perched in the sheltering arms of a spectacular banyan tree.

Every passionate pilgrim needs a guide, and Big Bird's is a six-year-old charmer named Ouyang Lianzi. She is a Chinese Shirley Temple without that child star's cloying cuteness, and she steals the show. Stone selected her from among 100 videotaped auditions sent to him from China. The only difficulty was that Lianzi did not speak a syllable of English. Before filming, Stone mailed her an audio cassette of her 64 lines; helped by her father, she memorized them phonetically without understanding their meaning.

Guide Lianzi

In the show, Lianzi meets Big Bird just as he is about to give up his search for someone who speaks American. Lianzi shyly tells him, "I speak English." "Close enough," replies Big Bird. She then escorts Big Bird and Barkley to the Great Wall ("Hey, where is the wall?" cries Big Bird. "You are standing on it," says a smiling Lianzi). Then the trio voyage onward to the magnificent Temple of Heaven in Peking, the rock gardens and reflecting pools of Suzhou, known as the Venice of China, and down the tranquil Li Jiang River near the city of Guilin.

During almost three weeks of location filming in Chinese villages, the sight of Big Bird did not always bring smiles to local children, who after all had never seen *Sesame Street*. Some were frightened by his looming grotesquely over them; his bugged-out eyes sent others scampering. One little girl burst into tears. CCTV producers are hoping their viewers will not react similarly when a dubbed version of the production is broadcast, probably on June 1, National Children's Day. But the country has a long history of puppetry, and children may embrace "Da Niao" (Chinese for Big Bird) as one of their own. Soon Big Bird may even be boasting that he is more popular than his Eastern rival, Peking Duck. —*By Richard Stengel. Reported by Peter Ainslie/New York and Jimi Florcruz/Peking*

The pilgrims, including Barkley, atop the Great Wall

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY VICTOR D. NAVONE/CTW

In a Bunker on the Côte d'Azur

Surly spirits at Cannes when the film festival loses fizz

Heaven knows they tried. The burghers of Cannes spent more than $50 million erecting a new palace to house the convocation. The national TV networks sprayed coverage of the event all over prime time, with Jerry Lewis commenting on the news one night, a line of topless lovelies parading their charms another. Even the Cannes medical students chipped in; angered by the French government's proposed restrictions on their curriculum, they enlivened one afternoon with a bonfire of Michelin tires and an occupation of the palace that ended with flying fists and tear gas.

Still, nothing could keep the 36th International Film Festival—the world's largest and most glamorous meeting of movie professionals—from developing a giant, 13-day hangover. Last year Cannes sailed through sunny weather and provocative films to a memorable festival, capped by a rapturous reception for the world premiere of Steven Spielberg's *E.T.* At this year's meeting, some 35,000 of the faithful staggered through chills and intermittent rain, through failures of organization and not a few fiascoes on-screen.

The top prizes were determined by a jury headed by Novelist William Styron, who got the job in the course of the French government's conference on Creation and Development held last February in Paris. The award reflected a retreat to the ordinary concerns of cinema. Last year's Palme d'Or winners, *Missing* from the U.S. and *Yol* from Turkey, played like news bulletins from Third World battlegrounds. This year's winner, Shohei Imamura's *The Ballad of Narayama*, is a harshly elemental lyric about Japanese mountain folk that could have been made any time in the past three decades. Two survivors of the international film wars won special consolations. Grand Prize for Cinema Creation: France's Robert Bresson for *L'Argent*, a lucid, listless parable about how money corrupts, and the Russian Andrei Tarkovsky for *Nostalgia*, an agonizing stylistic exercise about a Soviet intellectual in Italy. *Monty Python's the Meaning of Life* won the Special Jury Prize. At the closing-night ceremony, Python Terry Jones thanked the jury members by name and quipped, "Your money is behind the wash basin." This was the first year since 1967 that no American film won a single jury prize, thus ensuring the cynicism of the huge U.S. contingent.

Some of the malaise could be attributed to birth pains of the Palais des Festivals, a new brutalist slab that opened its doors after five years of construction delays. Unlike the older, airier Palais, the new building invited nothing but business, despite the exertions of Veteran Starlet Edy Williams, who would display herself whether anyone asked her to or not.

Starlet Williams

The new Palais did afford increased seating for citizens of Cannes, who contribute a third of the festival's $1.3 million annual budget and reap many more millions of tourist dollars. The gentry could be generous to films from abroad, including Martin Ritt's U.S. entry *Cross Creek*, a dewy-eyed swamp drama starring Mary Steenburgen as Novelist Marjorie Rawlings, and Carlos Saura's dance film, *Carmen*. But for the four French films in competition—Jean Becker's *One Deadly Summer*, Patrice Chéreau's *The Wounded Man*, Jean-Jacques Beineix's *The Moon in the Gutter* and even Bresson's *L'Argent*—the locals saved their special scorn. At the end of each of these films the crowd whistled derisively and stomped their feet. When Bresson, 81, appeared onstage closing night, he was bombarded with boos. *L'Argent* at least had its partisans among the critics. Beineix, whose 1981 film *Diva* had become a popular success in France, was not so lucky with *The Moon in the Gutter*, a moody melodrama about a dockworker obsessed with his sister's death. Its star, Gérard Depardieu, had lambasted the film even before it played the festival: "The moon is in the gutter, but the movie is in the sewer." At the most vituperative Cannes press conference in memory, Beineix, flanked by his female leads Nastassia Kinski and Victoria Abril, gave as good as he got. "They are called moving *pictures*, not text," he argued. "My film is a symphony of images."

While Beineix was dodging or tossing custard pies in the main competition, three other directors—all women, all in their 30s—were earning praise outside it. *Boat People* by Ann Hui of Hong Kong was withdrawn from competition, reportedly at the insistence of the French government, which is seeking to solidify its relations with the Socialist Republic of Viet Nam. The caution is understandable: this film, shot partly in mainland China, is a powerful piece of humanist propaganda about a family trying to escape Da Nang three years after the U.S. forces evacuated Viet Nam.

In *Coup de Foudre*, French Film Maker Diane Kurys (*Peppermint Soda*) etched an acute, critical portrait of her own family in the early 1950s and drew splendid performances from Miou-Miou, Isabelle Huppert and Guy Marchand. Chantal Akerman, a Belgian director whose monumental minimalist soap opera, the 1975 *Jeanne Dielman*, has made her queen of the European film avant-garde, confounded all expectations with a sprightly, witty musical called *The '80s*. The Cannes audience came to snooze and stayed to cheer.

Alas, these minor revelations—and two marvelously vigorous films from old masters, Italy's Ermanno Olmi (*Camminacammina*) and Poland's Andrzej Wajda (*Danton*)—were not enough to keep businessmen and journalists from grousing, as they lolled for a fortnight in one of the world's lushest garden spots. Nor will a disappointing festival keep these congenital optimists from returning next year to this bunker on the Côte d'Azur.

—By Richard Corliss

Actress Kinski and Director Beineix fending off the press

A 13-day hangover in one of the world's lushest garden spots.

Bigger Bangs for the Bucks

WARGAMES *Directed by John Badham*
Screenplay by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes
BLUE THUNDER *Directed by John Badham*
Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby

One hopes that by now John Badham is cooling his jets in some pleasant place where the dress code calls for swimsuits instead of straitjackets. For the director has obviously suffered a close encounter with paranoia in the past year or so. First of all, visions of the military-industrial complex seem to have caused a humongous helicopter to hover over his head. Loaded to the rotor blades with heavy artillery and the latest in supersnooping devices, the whirling bird is intended to attack such segments of the U.S. civilian population as happen to get unruly—though in these placid times the film makers are hard-pressed to find a domestic threat worthy of their hardware. The principal business of *Blue Thunder* is to offer a garish and entirely unpersuasive audiovisual demonstration of this preposterous machine in action.

WarGames' Broderick at play with Sheedy, top; at work with Coleman

Meantime, behind Badham's back, as it were, the same mighty power complex has created a monstrous computer. Its keepers have programmed it so that it can replace the humans who are supposed to press the buttons that start World War III. Poor WOPR (for that is its name) is an innocent. It thinks the war games it knows how to play are no different from chess and other harmless entertainments at which it is adept; it cannot distinguish between pawns and people.

This is a defect it shares with whoever conceived *Blue Thunder*, which is by far the lesser of Badham's back-to-back releases. The film's nominal plot has Roy Scheider as a good Los Angeles police department chopper ace assigned to test what amounts to a flying gun platform. Once he discovers its illiberal potential, he must fight his way past Malcolm McDowell, an old neofascist enemy from his Viet Nam days now employed as a power-elite gunslinger. After that dogfight comes a showdown with a couple of Air Force jets.

The story is developed as if it were written by an amuck word processor that somehow got plugged into a survey of the viewing preferences of video-game freaks. The characters are flatter than Pac-Man and Frogger, the action is all hand-eye coordination. The concluding aerial chase above downtown Los Angeles is full of searing flashes, but it is actually as unaffecting as a round of Missile Command. The real estate takes a beating, but not a single innocent bystander is harmed as the aircraft careers around skyscrapers. That, is perhaps the least of the many implausibilities Badham hustles the audience past, cool-eyed, professional as any air-traffic controller with his eyes glued to the radarscope.

Blue Thunder's Scheider and the big bird

But, as memories of *Saturday Night Fever* suggest, Badham can be more than a high-tech hardware merchant. The first portions of *WarGames* are nearly irresistible. The reason that the mighty WOPR comes across as funny is that David, a bright high school lad (played by a very savvy young actor, Matthew Broderick, 21), accidentally makes contact with it while fooling around with his home computer. Boy and machine get to be friends, since they are both lonely and misunderstood. David is shy and sweet with his girlfriend (Ally Sheedy) but is wary of his parents and is a troublemaker in school. In short, he is as believable as any recent movie adolescent, and his responses to the Government security forces who are convinced he is an enemy agent are full of injured innocence and inventive ripostes. For about two-thirds of its distance, as it places an ordinary kid in an extraordinary situation, *WarGames* flirts with an *E.T.*-like charm. One imagines young David heading toward a small, smart, deadly encounter with gum-snapping Dabney Coleman, who plays, with his usual admirable restraint, a true believer in the Pentagon's, and WOPR's, infallibility.

Instead, the movie takes off on a more obviously melodramatic course. It brings on the machine's creator, now turned so cynical that he believes mankind ought to get on with its ultimate death-wish drama. Overplayed by an eye-rolling John Wood, this burned-out genius rips the delicate fabric of believability that the picture has woven, turns Coleman's character into an onlooker, and makes David's climactic confrontation with WOPR more silly than suspenseful.

Badham gets a lot of distracting colored lights and video screens flashing madly while the lad works against a deadline to talk his electronic pal out of launching a preventive strike against the U.S.S.R. But, as with the end of *Blue Thunder*, there is more of technique than of conviction in this work. It may be that Badham is an exemplary case: yet another talented craftsman caught up in Hollywood's current belief that the big bucks are in the big-bang school of moviemaking. In *WarGames* the search for a big, effects-laden finish does not render the film entirely unwatchable. It just prevents it from becoming the video fantasy it might have been.

—*By Richard Schickel*

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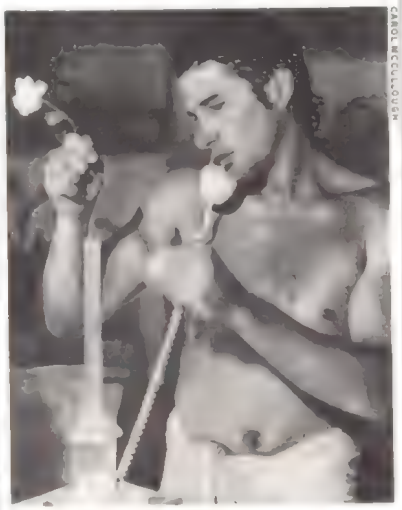
Punk Spunk

BREATHLESS
Directed by Jim McBride
Screenplay by L.M. Kit Carson and Jim McBride

For the generation that learned to take film seriously in the '60s, Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* was nothing less than breathtaking. Offhandedly it proposed that B movies, and almost everything else in the junk culture, actually influenced behavior more profoundly than the official culture did. Openly, instead of in the coded language of melodrama, the picture suggested that most of the violence in society was both meaningless and affectless. And this it did with a brash, jump-cut technique that seemed to be anti-technique. Dedicated to Monogram Pictures, the old Poverty Row movie mill, this was a Hollywood film as it might have been had the place served as the locale instead of a state of mind.



Richard Gere in *Breathless*
Rocking to an anarchist's beat.

One can only imagine with what trepidation McBride and Carson, whose major previous credit is the undercult classic *David Holtzman's Diary*, approached the problem of remaking *Breathless*, updating it and resetting it in Los Angeles, the center of everything Godard was subverting. Indeed the movie never entirely shakes off its self-consciousness. But the stale, cynical air that attends most remakes is absent here. Carson knows how to write out of the side of his mouth, and McBride knows how to stage both action and eroticism; their work has a drive and energy that derive from conviction and, perhaps, good old American know-how. Best of all, the film makers have found in Richard Gere an actor who can play a dumb, crazy punk and make the audience like him. It is a breakthrough performance for an actor who has brooded prettily over various victimizations in the past, but never showed this strength of characterlessness before.

The story is the same. Gere steals a car, kills a highway patrolman without quite meaning to, while heading for the big city and an up-scale lady. She knows better than to scratch this itch, does anyway, but then betrays her lover to the police, mostly, it seems, to assert the ascendancy of middle-class values over steaming sexual impulse. In the original movie, Jean Seberg played an American stranger in the strange French landscape. Here, of course, the roles must be reversed. France's Valerie Kaprisky plays the uprooted thrill seeker with the same air of being stunned by the outrageous message her nerve ends are sending to her brain. The major difference between the films is Gere's characterization. Jean-Paul Belmondo played the petty crook as a Bogart clone, sardonic and dour. Gere takes his beat from Jerry Lee Lewis records. He is an instinctive anarchist moving to a wild rock pulse, and such thoughts as he has are supplied by Silver Surfer, the comic-book character. That, in particular, is a superb invention, giving the film a compulsive rhythm that drives out comparisons and forces the audience to judge the film on its own terms.

But not, alas, all of the time. Sometimes the movie's movieness is too studied. The color palette occasionally swings all the way to '40s stylization, and these sequences jar against the naturalistic tones of the rest of the film. Sometimes the attempt to turn all of Los Angeles into one big backlot is forced. The writing can become too overtly existential, as if McBride and Carson wanted to prove that besides flicking out in their formative years, they read books too. And the concluding sequence stretches what should have been a down and dirty death into a long romantic agony. But if Godard's *Breathless* was informed by the inventiveness of poverty, not to mention the daring and nerviness of youth, this one is at least touched by talent and a sort of punk spunk. Its makers understand the difference between a knock-off and a homage, and it is the latter they have entertainingly provided. —**R.S.**

Street Strut

ANGELO MY LOVE
Directed and Written by Robert Duvall

Gypsies! Hot blood and fast fingers. Fortune-tellers and fortune hunters. Families feuding over a stolen sacred ring. It sounds like *Late Show* melodrama, with Maria Montez or Jane Russell parading about in pancake makeup, spitting out insults and endearments to a castanet heartbeat. Not quite: the performers in *Angelo My Love* are real gypsies, using their own names and, more or less, playing themselves. Six years ago, Actor Robert Duvall saw one of them, an eight-year-old charmer named Angelo Evans, arguing with a woman on a Manhattan street corner. For Duvall it was love at first sight of an impish star quality. Since then, he has spent more than $1 million of his own money to bring Angelo's story to the screen.

Angelo lives with his brawling family in a New York tenement, but he spends most of his time, day and night, out on the streets. Whether peddling wilted flowers in a local restaurant or just fast-talking a pretty girl, Angelo is a born hustler who has a fleet foot in each of two worlds—the gypsy and the Anglo—and who has no time to be a child. There is a plot here—Angelo and Brother Michael trail another gypsy, a garrulous, carbuncular drunk named Steve, to recover the family ring—but this is mainly a device to give some shape to the anecdotes and insights. In an ordinary fiction film, neither the story nor the audience would sit still while the characters took side trips to, say, a gypsy shrine in Quebec, or into a country-western nightclub where Angelo flirts with a young singer. It is precisely in these back alleys of narrative that the film almost romantically luxuriates, watching a gang of natural exhibitionists reveal themselves and their exotic world.

Evans in *Angelo My Love*
Turning a romantic eye on reality.

Duvall, a gifted, risk-taking actor for 20 years (*Apocalypse Now, Tender Mercies*), plays men whose rage seems about to explode from their guts. Always Duvall watches, looking for the tiniest tear in society's fabric. As the entrepreneur of *Angelo My Love*, he has found a dozen spirited gypsies tumbling out of that hole, victimized by their historical typecasting as scavengers and scoundrels.

There are some wonderful performances here: Steve Tsigonoff, as the ring thief, and his sister Millie, as the thief's chatty gargoyle of a wife, should become popular character actors, and Angelo could become a star. Catch them here first, under Duvall's critical, compassionate, intelligent eye. —**By Richard Corliss**

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The First Great Absurdist

KLEIST: A BIOGRAPHY *by Joachim Maass; Farrar, Straus & Giroux 320 pages; $22.50*
AN ABYSS DEEP ENOUGH: LETTERS OF HEINRICH VON KLEIST, WITH A SELECTION OF ESSAYS AND ANECDOTES; *Dutton; 297 pages; $16.95*
PLAYS *by Heinrich von Kleist; Continuum; 341 pages; $17.50*

No writer is more compelling than one who seems modern to later generations. Heinrich von Kleist, the German playwright, story writer and essayist, collected admirers who called him their contemporary for a century and more after his brief lifetime (1777-1811).

Nietzsche could hardly wait to turn 15; a new edition of Kleist was his birthday present. Rilke scribbled verses by the grave of the "dark, impatient Kleist." Wagner and Brahms agreed on few matters; Kleist's brilliance was one of them.

German Professor Joachim Maass's detailed, indispensable biography shows some of the reasons for Kleist's continuing fascination, and for his persistent obscurity. Maass describes Kleist's acquiring his skill, stage by stage, almost as if it were a fatal disease. Young Heinrich was by heritage the "right stuff" of which Prussian officers were made. There had been 18 generals in his family. At 15 he joined the King's Guards Regiment. Seven years later, he resigned his commission, apparently intending to take up an equally conventional career as a model civil servant. The youth devised a program of Knowledge, Fervor and Moral Beauty. He became engaged to a pretty 18-year-old whom he congratulated on her good fortune. "Am I not noble, Wilhelmine?" he asked, with no hint of self-mockery.

The first cracks showed when he began to put off both marriage and career. Maass blames his crisis, a bit too simply, on Kleist's discovering Kant and losing God. It seems more likely that Kleist began writing protest literature against the suffocating Age of Enlightenment.

As the selected *Plays* demonstrate, Kleist was the first great absurdist, obsessed with justice and the black-comic ways in which it can miscarry. *The Broken Pitcher* centers on a judge who is also a malefactor; in *Amphitryon*, the great Theban commander rages against an impostor "who wants me . . . out of the fortress of my consciousness." This sense of self as an armed camp is one of many traits that make the playwright seem a contemporary of another great admirer, Bertolt Brecht.

Kleist's letters, collected in *An Abyss Deep Enough*, augment this sense of modernity: "Heaven is pleased to grant desires that comply with its purpose, why then must it be we who are excluded from its favor?" It is no wonder that Kafka came to regard Kleist's writings as "the works of a master"; they anticipate *The Castle* by a century.

©1983 BY MAURICE SENDAK
Maurice Sendak's portrait of Heinrich von Kleist

Absurd things had a way of occurring in Kleist's life as well as his art. The man who could never hang on to money served briefly as an assistant to the Finance Minister of Prussia. In 1810 he became editor of Berlin's first daily newspaper and made it into a popular journal that kept the city chatting. One of the things it chatted about was Kleist. Goethe decided that the young author was "no common talent" but "barbaric" and "misshapen."

For a decade Kleist had proposed suicide pacts to friends. Finally, at 34, he found a woman who said yes. Henriette Vogel had a long, pointed nose, pockmarked cheeks, insolent eyes and cancer of the uterus. Kleist, who probably died a virgin, loved her as his angel of death.

On Nov. 20, 1811, the couple drove to a country inn outside Potsdam. After spending the night writing letters to friends and straightening out their wills, they strolled in great good humor to the shore of a nearby lake. They drank coffee and skipped stones; then there were two shots. When the servant who had served them coffee returned, she found the bodies.

Maass holds Kleist firmly to account for the spillage of his life. But he is overly apologetic for the writings. *Penthesilea*, Kleist's drama about the clash between Achilles and the Queen of the Amazons on the plain of Troy, does not, as he suggests, combine the best features of Greek tragedy and Shakespeare. It is Kleist's tart little fragments that most charm a reader today. There is, for example, the Swiftian modest proposal for sending messages by artillery and cannon ball, if speed is what everybody wants. There is the marvelously straight-faced account of an ascension in the balloon of Professor J. There is the wonderful little parody of *The Sorrows of Young Werther:* instead of killing himself, boy gets girl and lives happily ever after, fathering 13 children.

Goethe, it is sometimes said, wrote *Werther* in order not to become Werther. Moderns can honor him for his sanity without feeling especially close. Kleist became Werther, and we cannot honor him for that. But the brilliant jokes that helped him last as long as he did help us survive today. For that, we can recognize him as a brother.

—*By Melvin Maddocks*

Excerpt

"Kleist's death was his first striking success. The echo of the two shots fired beside the Wannsee shook people out of their lethargy; some obscure instinct told them that this death had meaning, even at a time when human life counted for so little. Today, more than a century and a half later, we have well-nigh forgotten the untold thousands slaughtered in the course of Napoleon's mad struggle for power, while the echo of the shots fired beside the Wannsee still rings in our ears . . . But it was not until the hundredth anniversary of Kleist's death, on November 21, 1911, that the family overcame its sense of shame over this 'useless member of society, unworthy of any sympathy.' On that occasion they laid a wreath on his grave. The inscription on the ribbon read: 'To the best of his line.'"

Masquerades

1934
by Alberto Moravia
Translated by William Weaver
Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 297 pages
$14.50

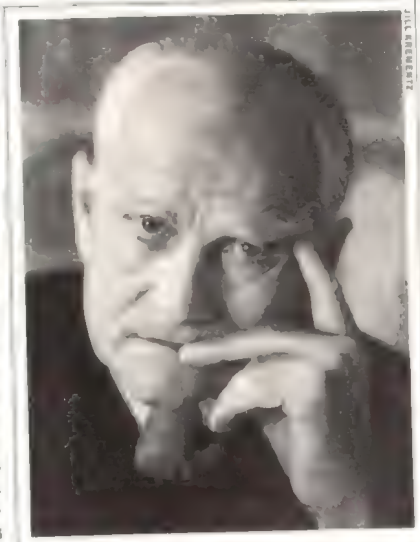
Let the reader beware; the canny old master of Italian fiction has once again pulled a fast one. Of Alberto Moravia's five covertly political novels of the past three decades, *1934* is the most disguised. His previous novel, *Time of Desecration* (1980), was tricky enough; masquerading as a manual of kinky sex, it was, in fact, a riveting case history of the psychopathology of terrorism. In *1934*, Moravia has obscured his true intentions by adopting the histrionic manner and high-flown diction of German romanticism. The effect is bizarre and not always convincing.

Moravia's ostensible subject is suicide. His 27-year-old Italian hero, Lucio, is headed for Capri on holiday in 1934, the fateful year that was Mussolini's twelfth in power and Hitler's first. On the boat from Naples to the island, the young anti-Fascist asks himself: "Is it possible to live in despair and not wish for death?" At that moment his eyes lock with those of a German tourist, a teen-age girl who transfixes him with a pleading, desperate look. Lightning strikes. The girl, Beate, is accompanied by a husband as wickedly repellent as a German sketched by George Grosz. Beate later tells Lucio: "My husband horrifies me; his hands are stained with blood."

It is one of her rare verbal statements. Beate and Lucio do not converse; nor do they touch. They communicate by literary reference. Lucio confesses his love by passing her a copy of Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, drawing her attention to a poem that ends on an oddly depressing note: "But every pleasure wants eternity—wants deep, deep eternity." She reciprocates by returning the book with the poem underlined in red. Lucio interprets these underlinings as a sign of her willingness to lie under him in ecstatic consummation of their love.

These incidents, in their ineffable silliness, are almost a match for the scene in Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther* when the hero and his beloved Lotte are silently savoring the beauty of a landscape after a storm. She utters one word, the name of a popular poet of the day: "Klopstock!" According to Goethe, Werther is "overcome by the flood of emotions which she evoked with this name."

Werther's suicide for the love of Lotte inspired an epidemic of self-immolation in Germany in the 1770s, but history does not repeat itself in Lucio. True, he is in despair—life in Fascist Italy is intolerable and Beate refuses to sleep with him—but he is seeking ways to survive. Beate, on the other hand, wants to "carry despair to its logical conclusion, suicide." Their encounter, Lucio observes, had not been love, but death at first sight. Beate yearns for a suicide pact with Lucio that would be modeled on what she regards as an ideal death: Heinrich von Kleist's double suicide with his friend Henriette in 1811. Beate is willing to give Lucio "pleasure" only if it is followed at once by death's "deep, deep eternity." When Lucio refuses to comply, Beate announces that she is returning to Nazi Germany.



Alberto Moravia

Sticking to wise Mediterranean stoicism.

At this point in the narrative, the histrionics vanish, the heavy breathing subsides, and the true subject of *1934* begins to come clear: the prevailing mood of morbid fanaticism that Moravia evidently believes was a prerequisite for mass murder under Hitler.

Moravia's political message is further clarified when Beate comes back, pretending to be her twin sister Trude. Trude is a wily Nazi who vows to build the future for the Führer. As Lucio suspects, Beate and Trude are the same person. "What if Trude were a character invented by Beate to camouflage and defend herself better from totalitarian terrorism?" That explanation, Lucio muses, would account for Trude's character: "The vulgarity, the exaggeration, the wildness, the gluttony, the brutality; all things too true not to be feigned." It is precisely fanatics like Beate-Trude, Moravia seems to be saying, who end up killing themselves—and other people.

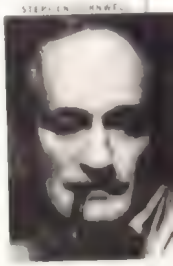
In this, his 22nd volume of fiction, Moravia, 75, has taken his ultimate stand against fanaticism. "Kleist was not my model," says his young hero. "I wasn't German: against unrestrained Germanic romanticism, it seemed to me I should stick to wise, even if dreary, Mediterranean stoicism." That is good advice and Moravia, for one, has taken it. —*By Patricia Blake*

Freeze-Out

THE BIGGEST GAME IN TOWN
by A. Alvarez
Houghton Mifflin; 186 pages; $13.95

Poker playing is an utterly useless and gratifyingly antisocial activity, frequently mistaken for gambling. It is, of course, a game of skill, but not many people understand the nature of this skill, and fewer have seen it in action at the level of world-class play. High-stakes poker is secretive; it is illegal in most places, and embarrassing both to losers, whose associates tend to fret, and to winners, who dread the taxman. Thus the English writer and poker player A. Alvarez (author of another examination of self-destruction, *The Savage God: A Study of Suicide*) was beguiled when he heard that there was one card room in the world where an observer could watch no-limit, heavyweight poker without getting into the line of fire.

It was not simply a matter of flying to Las Vegas. In all the Vegas casinos but one, bets are strictly limited. Limit poker requires knowing the odds, playing tightly and chiseling away at whatever optimists wander into the game. In no-limit, as one poker carnivore tells Alvarez, "the target comes alive and shoots back at you." Shooting back, in one legendary five-month game years ago between Johnny Moss and Nick the Greek, came down to a five-card stud hand in which Moss, with a pair of nines, thought he had the Greek locked. Moss figured his opponent for a low pair and discounted his fifth card as no help. He bet everything he had. As Alvarez writes, "In the moments of silence after Moss pushed what remained of his quarter of a million dollars worth of chips into the center, the Greek eyed him, upright and unblinking, and then said softly, 'Mr. Moss, I think I have a jack in the hole.' " He did, and he won half a million dollars. "But that was all right," Moss explained to Alvarez. "I broke him anyway."



A. Alvarez

Moss was 74 when Alvarez met him in 1981, an old man "secure in his fame and his investments, as remorseless now as he was then, the kind of character that John Wayne was fond of portraying—true grit without forgiveness, to be admired, but from a safe distance." Moss had come to Las Vegas to play in the World Series of Poker, at Binion's Horseshoe Casino. Binion's is the no-limit joint, famous for accepting a $777,000 bet in 1980 from a man who walked in with a suitcase full of cash, rolled the dice once, won and vanished into the desert with *two* suitcases full of cash. By the time Alvarez caught up with the World Series, it had grown to a knightly joust with 75 entrants

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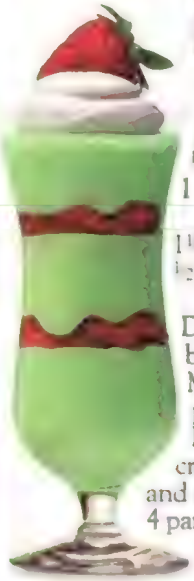
Midori Margarita
1 oz. Midori
1½ oz. Tequila
1 oz. Sweet/Sour Mix
Blend and pour into salted glass.

Midori Cooler
1 oz. Midori
2 oz. Club Soda
Pour Midori into tall glass filled with ice. Add soda and stir. Garnish.

Midori Colada
2 oz. Midori
1 oz. Rum
6 oz. Piña Colada Mix
Mix in blender.

Midori Mimosa
2 oz. Midori
2 tsp. Lime Juice
1 Split Champagne
Mix and garnish.



Midori Parfait
½ Cup Midori
1 3-oz. pkg. Lime Gelatin
1¼ Cups Boiling Water
½ Cup Heavy Cream, Whipped
Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add Midori. Chill until partially thickened. Fold in whipped cream. Layer pudding and sliced strawberries in 4 parfait glasses. Chill until firm, garnish.

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Books

for the main event, each of whom put up $10,000 to play. The game (hold 'em, an exotic species of seven-card stud) was a freeze-out, with play continuing until one man held all the chips.

Yet, as Alvarez explains, first prize was a good deal less than was involved in some of the unofficial side games. There players could start with more than a scrawny $10,000 and could raise the stakes as high as they liked. The card sense that poker requires is not especially rarefied; the limit chiselers at the other Vegas casinos know as much about probabilities as the sportsmen at Binion's. What distinguishes the heavyweights is that broke or flush, they can function at financial altitudes that paralyze everyone else. "The money freezes you up, and you become tight-weak," one contestant informed Alvarez, describing his introduction to the major leagues. His colleagues agree. "If money is your god, you can forget no-limit poker, because it's going to hurt you too much to turn loose of it," said Jack Straus, a high roller who was down to his last $40 a decade or so ago and who bet his way out of privation.

As the author describes such rogues, they live their resolutely unreal lives with a style that touches gallantry. His account is as close to Binion's as a prudent soul will venture, but Alvarez knows both poker and the writing of English, and even if he does call bettors "punters," this field guide is the reader's equivalent of an inside straight.

—*By John Skow*

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Theater

Hart and Langella as the lovers in *Passion*

Love and Loin

PASSION *by Peter Nichols*

"Is it possible to love any human being without being torn limb from limb? No one was ever made wretched in a brothel; there need be nothing angst-forming about the sexual act. Yet . . . when sexual emotion increases to passion, then something starts growing which possesses a life of its own and which, easily though it can be destroyed by ignorance and neglect, will die in agony and go on dying after it is dead."

—Cyril Connolly, *The Unquiet Grave*

This might be the text on which Peter Nichols elaborates in his scorching comedy of raddled mores in the late 20th century. The tale *Passion* tells is almost as old as drama is, the eternal triangle of husband, wife and the younger other woman. Despite the hoary age of its theme, the play is clever, impudent, erotic and an emotional demolition kit.

After 25 years of marriage, James (Bob Gunton) and Eleanor (Cathryn Damon) are in "a sort of run-down monogamy," poking about in the embers of their love. He is a restorer of modern art ("Not that wide a field, you know. More like a kitchen garden"), and she participates ardently in church-music concerts. By contrast, Kate (Roxanne Hart), a photographer, is just 25 and loin directed, an amoral minx spawned by the permissive society. She seduces James with a lingering kiss ("her tongue straight to the back of my mouth, circling like a snake inside . . .").

British Playwright Nichols' twist is that almost before the affair begins, the triangle becomes a pentangle. James and Eleanor have alter egos, played by Frank Langella and E. Katherine Kerr. These are id-like private selves who ironically, amusingly and sometimes heart-rendingly blurt out and unmask the hypocrisies, fears, desires and fantasies the public selves are hiding. This is a device very much like the one Eugene O'Neill used in *Strange Interlude*. It can be a potent mode of psychological revelation, although on occasion it can be, and is, slightly confusing.

At his most skillful, Nichols tellingly evokes the Joycean interior monologue in which the tingling shock effect is that of making the holy ritual of the confessional an open secret. In one scene, James is at a one-woman show of Kate's photographs, and his alter ego speaks: "Shall I say it then, in front of all these people? She took my hand and placed it high on her thigh, raising her skirt and slightly opening her legs . . . And all the time we kept talking in loud voices about Cartier-Bresson and was photography an art." Using the same device in scalding counterpoint, Nichols has James and his alter ego collaborate on a steamy love letter to Kate at the same moment that it is being read aloud by Eleanor's alter ego to Eleanor and the person who intercepted it: a bitter middle-aged friend (Stephanie Gordon) whose late husband Kate had also stolen.

In England, *Passion's* title was *Passion Play*. The music of the *Dies Irae* boomingly punctuates some scenes, and the drama has a neoreligious subtext. James and Eleanor proclaim themselves atheists, but they are wistfully haunted by the death of God. While ranting about his right to "a flash of happiness before the void," James curses Christianity and Jesus Christ for depaganizing mankind: "The Christians took over the language of sexual emotion for their own purposes—passion, love, adoration, ecstasy . . . those words are now more meaningless than the so-called dirty words."

Passion requires directorial fine-tuning, and, for some unknown reason, it does not receive that from Marshall W. Mason, who has proved admirably sensitive on any number of past occasions. The complexity of the intertwining roles called for more rehearsal time than the actors apparently got. Bob Gunton is a shade too stilted as James, hoping perhaps that physical constriction could simulate advanced middle age. Frank Langella moves with grand assurance across Broadway's Longacre stage, ranging from impish mischief to laceration of soul. As Eleanor and her alter ego, Damon and Kerr lend their roles compelling honesty, and Roxanne Hart is a five-alarm sexual conflagration.

As this season comes to a close, *Passion* proves to be its most intellectually stimulating and emotionally unsettling offering.

—By T.E. Kalem

Twits in Spats

JEEVES TAKES CHARGE
by P.G. Wodehouse
Adapted by Edward Duke

A thing people forget about P.G. Wodehouse's novels, noted George Orwell, is how long ago they were written. That was in 1945. Today they appear to have been composed somewhere between the Jurassic era and the Iron Age. The plummy clubmen, the young wastrels in spats and waistcoat, the shockable aunts, the frosty butler belong in a diorama at the Museum of Natural History, not onstage. Yet here they are, spouting the ancient lines: "He looks as if he'd been poured into his suit and forgotten to say when." "From the collar upward he stands alone." The japes about class and custom once seemed spun of gossamer; now they appear to be composed of cobwebs. As for the champagne merriment, it seems to have been uncorked since 1915.

The remarkable aspect of this archaeological reconstruction is not that Wodehouse lives; he is far more robust between cloth covers than in the theater, where he is bereft of narrative and description. The evening demonstrates only one astonishment. Edward Duke, the entire cast of *Jeeves Takes Charge*, is a festival of upper-class twits, from the harrumphing members of The Drones, young Bertie Wooster's club, to the nattering dames, to the one true aristocrat of Wodehouse's canon: the immortal, if tiresome Jeeves.

Duke recently won a British award for Most Promising New Actor. At 29, the boy seems a bit long in the tooth for rookie of the year; in the best Wodehouse tradition, one wishes him finer fortune in sturdier stuff. Carry on, Duke.

—By Stefan Kanfer

Duke, the one astonishment in *Jeeves*

Gossamer japes that seem like cobwebs

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Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and, therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, accident data have proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing serious injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life.

Another common myth: holding a small child in your arms will provide the child with sufficient protection during a crash. The safety experts disagree. They point out that even during a 30 mph collision, a 10-pound child can exert a 300-pound force against the parent's grip. So please make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

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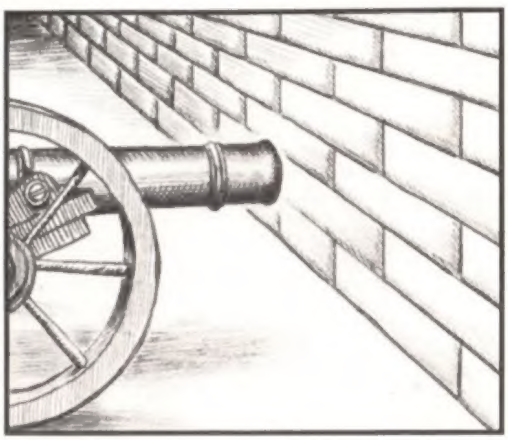
Pacifism's Invisible Current

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.
—Zechariah 4: 6

Gandhi represents 20th century politics' closest brush with sainthood. Yet in this season of celebrating his character, little attention has been given to his context. Or rather, the wrong attention. The usual objection raised against Gandhi is: What would he have done against France? It is important to insist on the right question, because to say that Gandhi would have failed against the radical and unique evil of Nazi Germany is to say merely that he would have failed against history's exception (and done no worse than much of a heavily armed and decidedly nonpacifist Europe). But to say, as Ho Chi Minh did in 1922, that Gandhi "would have long since entered heaven had [he] been born in one of the French colonies" is to admit that the failure of nonviolence may be the historical rule.



To be sure, the rule has two great exceptions. It is no accident, however, that these two exceptions, the movements of Gandhi and Martin Luther King, took place within the political and moral boundaries of liberal democratic politics steeped in constitutional values, and thus susceptible to the constraint of law and the power of shame. Where law and shame are less easily mobilized, nonviolence has not fared well.

It is no refutation of the philosophy of nonviolence to point out that its successes are terribly rare and difficult. Nonviolence as a moral theory is simply not subject to such empirical disproof. The principled rejection of violence is endowed with a nobility that is, if anything, enhanced by its impracticality, by the fact that its practitioners knowingly expose themselves to danger and worse. It is because of this noble impracticality that in America pacifism (of the conscientious objector, for example) evokes at once respect and curiosity.

Principled pacifism has never found fertile soil in the U.S. It remains a minority belief. In its place has grown a new pacifism, also rejecting the use of force, but on other, more American grounds. The grounds are pragmatic; the appeal is to prudence; and the theory is that force is to be abjured because, ultimately, it is futile. The new pacifism is not the practice of a crackpot cult. It represents a strongly felt, but almost invisible current of contemporary American thought. Invisible, because its most serious manifestation is not the antinuclear movement, which is neither particularly new (it is as old as its twin, the Bomb) nor necessarily pacifist, since one need not be a pacifist to oppose the suicide that is nuclear war. Apart from the question of unilateralism, a belief less in pacifism than in the safety of surrender, the only real debate on nuclear war is about how to prevent it. When it comes to nuclear war, everyone is a pacifist. The new pacifism is deeper and more subtle, a reaction not to visions of nuclear apocalypse, but to the more mundane reality of conventional war. It is particularly evident in the U.S. response to the three main wars of 1982.

The first of these is the civil war, now suspended in uneasy armistice, between the Polish state and the Polish people. As Solidarity grew in numbers and strength during the Polish spring of 1980-81, the Western view that it was too dangerous for the regime to stop Solidarity moved imperceptibly to the view that it had become impossible: How could any army put down the united opposition of 10 million souls, the yearning to be free of an entire society? On Dec. 13, 1981, General Wojciech Jaruzelski gave the answer. It was a technical one: decapitate the movement by arresting its leaders, atomize the followers by cutting off telephones, and demoralize them with a massive (otherwise superfluous) show of tanks and transports. The coup was so swift, so stunning, so successful that it provoked only disbelief. The first reaction was to rub one's eyes and try to explain that what was happening could not be happening. The second was to say that it wouldn't work: in the long run tanks cannot suppress the spirit of 10 million people.

The long run. A few months later, when the British fleet sailed to the Falklands, it was said with equal certainty that even if Britain won them back, in the long run it would not be able to keep them. How could a weary Britain hold on to a territory 8,000 miles from home against an aroused adversary tied to the islands by bonds of memory and pride, and only 400 miles away? And when weeks later Israel marched into Lebanon, it was said that while Israeli arms could defeat the P.L.O., they could never defeat Palestinian nationalism; in the long run, any victory would be written in sand.

What does the long run mean? If the model is what Rome did to Carthage, then Jaruzelski, Thatcher and Begin have gained little. But that mistakes their intentions. Jaruzelski and his Soviet mentors know that Eastern Europe operates on roughly a twelve-year cycle of popular eruptions. That does not mean that the coup was futile; only that the Soviets may have to arrange for another one in the 1990s. For Britain, the long run may mean a generation in which to rethink and ultimately renegotiate its arrangements with the Falklands. And for the Israelis, the long run may mean a decade or two of relative peace on their northern frontier. For a mother raising children in Qiryat Shemona, that may be long enough.

It does no good to argue that these wars failed to crush Polish or Argentine or Palestinian nationalism. A general's dreams are never the same as his intentions, which in these campaigns were more limited: to make possible things that were once thought impossible, to rearrange what the Soviets call the correlation of forces, to change the terms of reality, debate and thus ultimately negotiation. Far from excluding negotiations, a primary purpose of these wars was to alter their terms. When Jaruzelski talks to Walesa, Britain to Argentina, and Israel to the Palestinians, as in the long run they must, the grounds will have changed. Walesa has indicated his willingness to accept the new "political realities" if the regime softens its line. Argentina will at best be in a position to ask for a gradual transition to perhaps joint sovereignty with Britain. And while Palestinian nationalism lives, its locus may already have shifted from the P.L.O. in Beirut to the inhabitants of the West Bank. Voices there are now being heard speaking not of a P.L.O. state but, within the post-Lebanon terms set by the Reagan plan, of an autonomous homeland with links to its neighbors.

Skepticism about the efficacy of force colors our view not only of last year's wars but of today's, particularly those in Central America. When Senator Mark Hatfield said of El Salvador, "I think ultimately the winner is going to be the side that has the

Illustration for TIME by Sheba Emerson

Essay

support of the people," he was confusing how elections are decided with how wars are decided. But he was also reflecting the widely held belief in history's obedience to the dictates of popular will. That belief and its corollary, the futility of force, are usually and facilely attributed to America's bitter experience in Viet Nam. Viet Nam, however, did not introduce to America the idea that political power derives from hearts and minds. In a democracy founded as an act of national will and based on the notion of popular sovereignty, that idea has a more ancient pedigree. It also has considerable power. In the Democratic response to the President's speech on Central America, Senator Christopher Dodd attacked the idea of using military means to turn back what he called "the tide of history." Indeed, against so abstract an adversary, it stands to reason that guns are poor weapons. Dodd instead proposed deployment of American ideals: justice, equity and "liberty . . . our greatest strength as a nation . . . a powerful and peaceful weapon against tyranny of any kind anywhere in this hemisphere."

Native American faith in the supremacy of the idea has been nourished most recently by the successes of militarily inferior revolutionary movements, like the Sandinistas and the millions of Khomeini-ites armed only with the Koran. It is true that one cannot win an armed struggle without any popular support, a fatal lesson learned by Somoza and the Shah. But as Jaruzelski showed in Poland, and Argentina showed in its initial capture of an entirely hostile Falklands population, the amount of support a well-organized force requires to seize power can be truly minimal. Even the paradigmatic Viet Nam War cannot withstand analysis as an example of the triumph of the will. The winning side was not the side that had the support of the people; it is doubtful that either side had that. In fact, the North Vietnamese found it expedient to sacrifice, in the *Tet* offensive, the embodiment of what popular support they had in the south, the Viet Cong. When Saigon fell, it was not to an aroused citizenry, but to tanks.

Will requires means. The Communist insurgents in Thailand had no fewer class grievances and national resentments to exploit than, say, the rebels in El Salvador. But in Thailand the Communist insurgency is moribund. It was gravely wounded when it lost the support of both Viet Nam and China, its principal patrons and suppliers of weapons, money and safe haven. The root causes of revolution, as we are wont to say, have not disappeared in Thailand; but the revolution has. Half a world away, in what used to be called the Spanish Sahara, the root causes of the Polisario struggle for independence against Morocco have not changed either. Yet Morocco has succeeded in thwarting the Polisario rebellion not by addressing underlying conditions, not by satisfying Saharan nationalism, not by riding any of the other tides of history, but by building a wall, 350 miles long and 7 ft. high, around the only area of the Saharan territory worth fighting for. A revolution stopped by a wall. It is enough to make a Hegelian romantic weep, or at least reflect.

John Stuart Mill, who had the good fortune to be born neither a Hegelian nor a romantic but a liberal, would not have been surprised. "It is a piece of idle sentimentality," he wrote in 1859, "that truth, merely a truth, has any inherent power denied to error of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake." Mill was an exponent of tolerance, not force. It is precisely those thinkers, like Mill, most committed to the abolition of coercion who most deeply respect its power to break the spirit, expunge ideas, and silence truth. Indeed, it was his recognition of what the sword can do to the spirit that made Mill so fervently advocate, in civil society at least, abolishing the sword.

Today we speak in slightly different terms: not of truth, but liberation; not of swords, but guns. Mill had it right, however. It may be cynical to believe that truth comes from the barrel of a gun. But it is sentimental to believe that truth need merely stare down the barrel to prevail.

—By Charles Krauthammer

Milestones

DIED. Temple Hornaday Fielding, 69, guardian of American tourists for 35 years, whose opinionated *Travel Guide to Europe* has sold some 3 million copies since 1948 and spawned many, lesser Fielding guides; of a heart attack; in Palma de Mallorca, Spain. With help from a small staff and his wife Nancy, he meticulously updated findings that concentrated on Europe's creature comforts, not culture (he dismissed Rome's Colosseum as having "a remarkable permanency"). The hearty Fielding style was sometimes irritating, but his advice about potential surprises helped nervous travelers feel at home abroad. He was lavish with both praise and blame, lauding Greek tavernas and Dutch honesty and censuring rip-off artists like Venetian gondoliers, whom he called "surly, devious, tip-hungry ruffians."

June 6, 1969

DIED. Kenneth Clark, 79, genial and erudite British art historian, whose 1969 BBC (and PBS-aired) television series *Civilization* brought him transatlantic praise and popularity; in Kent, England. An unhappy only child of the idle rich, Clark spent a post-Oxford two years in Florence steeping himself in Renaissance art. At 30, he became the youngest director in the history of London's National Gallery. Between knighthood (1938) and the award of a life peerage (1969), Lord Clark wrote a score of books, maintained heady friendships (Winston Churchill, Walter Lippmann, Pablo Picasso), and held an array of academic titles (Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford) and cultural posts (founding chairman of the Independent Television Authority). "K," as chums called him, was self-deprecating in a 1974 autobiography: "My whole life might be described as one long, harmless confidence trick."

DIED. Eric Hoffer, 80, the crusty, self-taught longshoreman-philosopher whose 1951 work *The True Believer* dissected fanaticism; in San Francisco. An itinerant laborer for much of his early life, Hoffer was widely known in the '60s through his syndicated newspaper column. He gave it up in 1970—"I don't want to die barking"—and became "conversationalist at large" at the University of California at Berkeley.

DIED. Roger J. Traynor, 83, influential chief justice of the California Supreme Court who served for 30 years on what was widely considered the nation's most aggressive and progressive state court; of cancer; in Berkeley, Calif. Appointed in 1940 and named chief justice in 1964, he wrote more than 900 opinions, many of which boldly abandoned precedents and, especially in expanding criminal defendants' rights, anticipated later federal court rulings.

DIED. James Van Der Zee, 96, celebrated black photographer who recorded the faces and events of New York City's Harlem for more than five decades, but achieved wider recognition only in 1969, after a Metropolitan Museum of Art exhibit, "Harlem on My Mind"; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. Van Der Zee became a photographer in Harlem during World War I, shooting weddings, funerals and back-to-Africa parades as well as thousands of carefully composed portraits. Sadly, his "discovery" by the public and critics coincided with severe financial distress: evicted from his studio only weeks later, Van Der Zee lost much of his huge, priceless collection of prints and negatives and was forced to live on public assistance.

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